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THE HOMOSEXUAL AND THE LAW

Sir John Wolfenden
Kenneth Robinson
C. H. Rolph
Edward Hyams
Maurice Richardson

★ ★ ★

SARTRE ON VIOLENCE
K. S. Karol

★

BORED BARBARIANS
V. S. Pritchett

Comments on the Week's News .. 926
Sartre on Violence. K. S. Karol .. 929
London Diary. Critic 930
This England 931
Learning to Read. Mary Stewart .. 931
Ordinary People. Doris Lessing .. 932

The Arts and Entertainment:
David Drew, A. Alvarez, Jeremy Brooks, Tom Driberg, David Sylvester, William Whitebait .. 932

Correspondence 938

The Homosexual and the Law:
Sir John Wolfenden, Kenneth Robinson, C. H. Rolph, Edward Hyams, Maurice Richardson .. 941

Books in General:
The Bored Barbarians.
V. S. Pritchett 947

Poem. Ewart Milne 948

Reviews. Colin Leys, Graham Martin, Peter Shore, William Whitebait, Francis Newton, David Caute, Ralph Partridge, Janet Adam Smith, Walter Allen, Paul West .. 948

Week-end Competitions 954
City Lights. Taurus 955

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The Test for Mr Gaitskell

THE Labour Party's draft statement on defence is designed as a compromise between the extreme views represented by Mr Frank Cousins on the one hand (unilateral nuclear disarmament) and by Mr Hugh Gaitskell on the other (independent British nuclear deterrent). Further, it is based on the proposals originally advanced in this journal (12 March) by R. H. S. Crossman and George Wigg – proposals which were generally approved, because they represented the widest possible measure of agreement. It remains possible, though improbable, that the TUC will seek to amend the draft in some significant way; but it has now been adopted by the Labour Executive (including of course Mr Gaitskell); and, since Mr George Brown, Labour's principal parliamentary spokesman on defence, and previously a supporter of the independent deterrent, was one of its principal draughtsmen, it seems likely that within the next week the whole Labour leadership will be formally committed.

Yet Mr Frank Cousins has already announced his refusal to accept it, in spite of being known to be favourably impressed by the wisdom of the original Crossman-Wigg proposals; and, for all last Wednesday's façade of unity, it seems likely that some of the unions and constituency parties which have already committed themselves against Mr Gaitskell's earlier – and apparently more extreme – line, will continue to oppose. The new policy will certainly be voted on at next October's party conference; it may even be defeated.

Why? After all, the single overriding desire of the Labour rank and file is for unity of purpose and an end to internal strife. The answer will come pat enough from the political correspondents: Mr Cousins will carry the can; it will be his 'obstinacy', 'ambition', 'extremism', 'personal vanity', 'bigotry' (you can choose the particular attribute: there is already an impressive commination of pejorative nouns hanging round his neck) which divides the party. The truth, however, is not so simple.

Despite appearances, the Labour Party's crisis has not fundamentally concerned defence – any more than Clause Four or public ownership. What is at stake is Mr Gaitskell's leadership. This week's expression of loyalty by the Executive is beside the point: it squares neither with the reality of the situation nor with the private views of many who formally endorsed it. Ever since Mr Gaitskell took over from Earl Attlee, the leadership has appeared to be manipulated by a small and much disliked group of anti-Socialist zealots who not only oppose, but even scorn, most of the traditional causes which still inspire the rank and file.

Nor is that the full extent of the trouble: if it were, all sections of the party would rejoice to see the leader pulled by the tug of self-preservation into a position of genuine compromise, and Wednesday's decision would be a wiping clean of the slate. But events may not turn out to justify that optimistic view, and we believe that no good purpose is served by attempting to obscure what most people in the Labour Party know to be the unpalatable fact. The crisis of leadership has arisen, not principally because of the unpopularity of Mr Gaitskell's personal views, but because a sizeable number of party members no longer trust him. Those of the non-pacifist left who oppose the compromise on defence do so because they believe that Mr Gaitskell will wreck any hope of unity by his interpretation of the new policy; they have learned that words can mean one thing in conference speeches, another at Frognal Gardens.

The new defence policy marks a real step forward: it is in our view the best the party can now do to face reality and achieve unity. It is already accepted by Mr Gaitskell as well as by Mr Brown and Mr Crossman. Its rejection by the party as a whole would be tragic: it would prove that the rank and file share Mr Cousins's misgivings. Mr Gaitskell has three months in which to prove to his party that his acceptance of this week's compromise is genuine.

Comments on the Week's News

Paris

The Visit of Ferhat Abbas

Our Paris correspondent writes: Hope is the obvious word to describe the political climate in France following the decision of the FLN to send a delegation to Paris. But relief at the prospect of an early end to the Algerian war, which has now lasted almost six years, cannot conceal the difficulties which lie ahead. General de Gaulle is sufficiently intelligent and well-informed to understand that the Algerians will not accept a cease-fire without having first discussed the conditions for the future referendum on self-determination. Algerians have too much past experience of rigged elections for the FLN to lay down its arms and trust to the honour of France and the effectiveness of international observers. Ferhat Abbas will demand precise guarantees and he is sure to insist that his own troops take part on a footing of equality with the French army in the preparation and conduct of the referendum.

One does not have to be in the personal confidence of de Gaulle to know that in his heart he wants peace in Algeria and understands that this peace can be achieved only on the basis of a political agreement with the FLN. If he looks forward to an 'association' between France and the future Republic of Algeria, he is obliged, as things stand, to negotiate with Ferhat Abbas. For if Algerians are presented with the three solutions to their problem which are under serious consideration – 'independence', 'association' or 'integration' – all the Moslems will vote for independence and all the French for integration. The intermediate solution would be submerged in the bitterness engendered by six years of war. Only if Ferhat Abbas were to call upon the Algerian public to vote for a formula which he had already hammered out with General de Gaulle, would a moderate solution have the slightest chance, in present circumstances, of being accepted.

Thus the interest of France is driving de Gaulle towards political negotiation just as much, if not more, than the Algerians – who are confident of victory, if they hang on. Nevertheless, French government spokesmen in Paris and Algiers are allowing it to be spread abroad that de Gaulle will discuss with Ferhat Abbas only the purely technical questions of cease-fire, which everybody can see to be insoluble at this stage. It has even been suggested that the President will not receive the FLN delegation until after the conclusion of a cease-fire. The explanation of this attitude, which imperils the chance of a compromise peace, is to be found at the heart of the French political situation. The real conflict today is between those Frenchmen who want peace, and a minority, supported by the army, who are not prepared for any concession on Algeria. If de Gaulle were to admit point-blank that he is ready to reach an agreement with Ferhat Abbas on the nature of the 'association' which he has in mind, he would touch off a revolt by the 'War-at-any-price' group. So, in his customary manner, he is trying to secure by finesse what he dare not risk taking by storm. It may be doubted whether these tactics will pay off. Those groups who are interested in continuing the war and maintaining the present regime in Algeria are too heavily committed to their present positions to be easily undermined. As soon as real political negotiations begin on the subject of a referendum, Algeria will blow up and, like last January, the issue of the loyalty of the army will be raised again. For the moment everything is more or less quiet, but that is not because the 'activist' elements among the settlers have been disarmed. They are holding their fire because they confidently expect that the contact between de Gaulle and the FLN will be wrecked on the technical preliminaries. Meanwhile they are busy organising the Algerian National Front and reinforcing their contacts with their accomplices inside the army.

The French public is watching all these preparations with a certain amount of anxiety, but without real alarm. The popular opinion is that the Ultras will withdraw before the determination of the great majority of Frenchmen that there shall be peace. It can be argued, however – although no leader of the left dares to say this openly – that French democrats ought to welcome a trial of strength between France as a whole and the War-at-any-price group. Only if the abcess is lanced will the potential rebellion which is festering on the extreme right be reduced to its true and negligible proportions. If an Algerian solution is obtained by manoeuvre and compromise, the extremists and their authoritarian accomplices in the army will be quick to take their revenge in France itself. If their patriotic prestige remains intact and their organisation is not dismantled, their chances would be excellent. General X or Colonel Y might no longer be Governor or Prefect in Algiers: they could easily have the same job in Paris. It is foolish to minimise this danger by counting simply on de Gaulle and his hold on the army.

The Congo

The Struggle towards Independence

Our Commonwealth Correspondent comments: Latest news from the Belgian Congo is more hopeful than for some weeks. This wealthy copper and uranium Belgian colony becomes independent next week. Up to 18 months ago the Congo had known not a single political party. No experience of parliamentary procedures had been given. Belgium had based her colonial policy on the belief that economic and social opportunities, together with a handful of evolués, would keep the Africans quiet and contented. The Belgian government, perhaps influenced by the catastrophic fall in mineral prices and fearful of the wave of African nationalism in the rest of the continent, then decided on the drastic policy of plunging the country into independence without any preparatory period of transition. Not surprisingly the sudden stimulation of political activity out of this vacuum led to divided policies and competing leaders. Particularly grave was the instinctive withdrawal into tribal organisation. At the same time manoeuvres began among certain Africans and Europeans in the wealthy Katanga province to secede from the Congo and join up with the Rhodesian Federation. It seemed as if the whole country was in danger of breaking up into hostile separate states as soon as the centralising influence of Belgium was removed. This danger was seriously aggravated a few days ago, after the elections, when it appeared that Patrice Lumumba, leader of the Congolese National Movement, the only force of national unity, failed to form a government. His main rival Joseph Kasavubu, who relies on the mainly tribal Abako Party, was then asked by the Belgians to try his hand. Meanwhile the two leaders met – the first tentative effort to reach a united solution. Yet as soon as the Chamber of Deputies met this week it became obvious that Lumumba commands a majority; and his efforts to form the first independent Congolese government were resumed. Any hope of peace and unity depend first on his success, and second on the willingness of these two leaders to work together. Already Lumumba has offered Kasavubu the position of Head of State with himself as Prime Minister. He has also wisely reassured Belgian residents that they will be welcome to stay and has guaranteed their security. Meanwhile both the Rhodesians and the Portuguese have moved troops to their borders with the Congo; both countries should be told immediately and firmly by their European allies and by the United Nations that no interference with the independent Congo state will be tolerated.

Commonwealth

Zanzibar Constitution

Our Commonwealth Correspondent comments: The report of Sir Hilary Blood, the Commissioner charged with recommending constitutional changes in Zanzibar, is a curious mixture of the imaginative with outdated paternalism. Sir Hilary is an ex-governor, who, because he is one of the few to show some interest in the future of the small colonial territories dotted round the world, is considered to be an expert on their problems. Yet he is a governor from a bygone age, as he reveals when he says in his report that, whatever happens anywhere else, in Zanzibar power must remain in the Resident's hands lest anything go wrong when local ministers are appointed. The people of Zanzibar, Arab as well as African, are just as unlikely as any other colonial people to accept paternalistic British power indefinitely.

This clove-growing, picturesque old slave market island, with its narrow twisting alleys, its harbour filled with mediaeval Arab dhows, has been the scene of political manœuvring between Arab and African for several years. Fortunately, the ancient Sultan is revered by all, and conflict has remained a matter of words. Under the new plan a majority-elected legislative council and a ministerial system will come into being. The Sultan's salary will be made a statutory charge instead of an annual vote, but the British Resident will retain real power and preside over the executive council. The imaginative suggestion in the report is the proposal that the leader of the opposition should be paid a salary; by this device it is hoped to avert the danger, so often present in new states, that opposition will be identified with treason. It is an idea worth serious consideration in Zanzibar and elsewhere. Eventually, of course, the future of Zanzibar is almost bound to be linked with the East African territories, probably in some form of federation. As these territories race towards independence, the people of Zanzibar will not wait patiently while the British government convinces itself that they can be trusted with their own affairs.

Jamaica versus the Rest

Our Commonwealth Correspondent comments: The visit of the Colonial Secretary to the West Indies has unfortunately solved none of the problems facing the Federation. He has made it clear that independence, with continued economic aid, is open as soon as the West Indies themselves are ready to ask for it. But the fact is that Jamaican doubts, caused by that island's determined economic development and her fears that this could be endangered by federal interference, have brought the whole future of the Federation into jeopardy. Indeed, the Jamaican government led by Norman Manley, one of the 'fathers' of Federation is next year to hold a national referendum on whether Jamaica should remain a member or secede. All the West Indian leaders are members of the West Indian Federal Labour Party; it seems that strong action by the party is the last hope for this imaginative federal scheme.

Fuel and Power

Treading Heavy Water

A Special Economic Correspondent comments: Just which of many complicated and, in one case, incalculable, factors prompted the government to slow down its atomic energy programme only they can say – or a searching parliamentary debate begin to reveal. But it may well be that ministers have yielded a little to the miners' arguments urging such a course over the past three years. Largely however it seems to be the result of a genuine and serious, if scarcely reassuring, miscalculation of the relative costs of, on the one hand, atomic power and, on the other, of more conventional means of producing electricity. Just how serious the miscalculation was may be judged from the fact that only three years ago the government planned to have 19 nuclear stations by 1965: the total now is seven by 1968. Clearly the decision benefits the coal industry, which is no small blessing. What is less certain is how seriously it is likely to affect the progress of atomic energy as a source of power. It seems typical of this government that it should decide to halve the planned atomic output rather than interfere with the oil industry.

Nevertheless it is possible that not much harm will be done to the development of atomic energy. The four consortia engaged on erecting the atomic plants, who have already found building this industry of the future unexpectedly unprofitable, will still have just enough work to keep them in business. Moreover it is arguable that slowing down the rate of progress will enable a greater variety of reactors to be developed. There has always been a school of thought in the industry which believed that there has been an excessive concentration on one or two kinds. There will now be time for research and development. But behind the government's decision lies an incalculable factor: the cost of electricity produced by atomic power stations. At present it is reckoned that unexpected advances in productivity at coal-burning stations make their costs 25 per cent cheaper than atomic powered. By 1970 this position should be reversed, it is said. But this is to relate the cost of atomically produced electricity to capital outlay when the station is assumed to have 20 years of life; and no one knows how long a life these stations will have. If 30 years, then the relative costs between coal and atomic energy are sharply reversed. If less than 20, then coal is in an even stronger position than it seems at the moment.

Whether coal will be in a position to take advantage of that strength is another, but related, question. The NCB is now being faced with a sudden manpower shortage in, among other places, Lancashire, Yorkshire and the West Midlands. In the first 20 weeks of this year some 30,000 men have left the industry, many of them, the NUM argues, due to uncertainty about its future. Clearly a firmer, more clearly co-ordinated, policy for fuel is needed than the government is yet providing if the country is to have the power it needs in the Seventies.

Rome

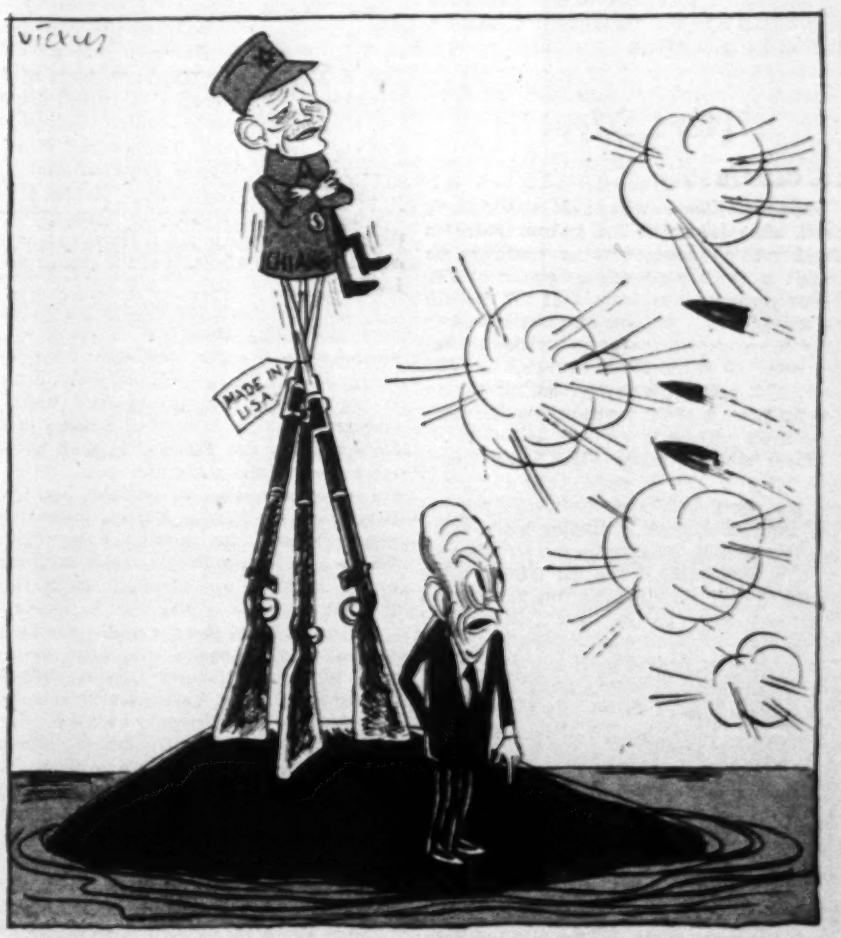
The Neo-Fascists

Bruce Renton reports: The leader of the Italian Socialist Party, Pietro Nenni, is now, for the first time, conducting a full-scale public argument with the Italian Communist leader, Togliatti. For several years now relations between the Italian Socialists and Communists have been strained. The failure of the Summit conference brought matters to a head, when Nenni attributed the blame both to Krushchev and to Eisenhower.

Nenni now states (*Avanti*, 12 June) that, in spite of the 20th Congress, the great debate which followed Stalin's death has not led to the democratisation of public life in the Communist countries. Moreover, states Nenni, the Communists have returned to their sectarian international positions and to their 'bloc' policy, in contrast with their statements about the non-inevitability of war. The experiences of the eastern European countries Nenni defined as 'unacceptable' for the western European Socialist movement. In the Peoples Democracies there had not been the revolutionary pressure of the October Revolution, of the Chinese Long March, or of the Yugoslav Resistance: Communism had been applied from outside and had failed.

The Nenni Socialists, working on the assumption that Signor Tambroni is going to keep his promise and resign in October, are making a desperate effort to get their credentials in order before the autumn in order to form a Centre-Left government with the Christian Democrats. But one cannot help wondering if the Socialists are perhaps not deceiving themselves and that, with the Italian Left irrevocably split, it will prove all the easier for an ecclesiastically inspired neo-Fascist government to remain in power. There are already ominous signs that Tambroni's Fascist-supported Christian Democrat government will not be in a hurry to relinquish power in the autumn – in spite of assurances given the country that this unpopular government was essentially provisional.

It is rumoured that Tambroni has already come to a precise agreement with the Italian electrical magnates that he will not nationalise electricity but will confine his efforts in this field to unifying the tariffs and putting light into hundreds of still-forgotten villages. The question of electricity is at the root of the Italian economic situation and a vast national movement is afoot, stretching from the Communists to the left of the Christian Demo-



'It can't come from *China* – this is *China* . . . . !'

crats, to force the nationalisation of the country's energy. Small industrialists and artisans, not to mention the private consumer, pay fantastic sums for their electricity. It is argued that there is no hope of progress for Italy's backward areas without the nationalisation of electricity.

Strongly in Tambroni's favour is that the Vatican has never so openly interfered in Italian politics as it is today. Nenni is now Public Enemy Number One for the priests – and the Vatican is rapidly making it clear that the Church prefers a right wing dictator to a godless coalition with Nenni – especially one that would nationalise electricity. Meanwhile the Fascists are once more asking for posts in the state bureaucracy and are reported to have been successful here and there. An anti-left (and anti-democratic) front is being formed behind the scenes, stretching from Pacciardi (right wing of the Republican Party), to Eugenio Reale (the former Communist Senator, who first turned to Saragat and then found that Saragat was too left-wing), to Luigi Gedda (leader of Catholic Action) and the Fascists.

The Italian Right is busy buying up newspapers for the great day. Part of the Fascist plan is also to change the name of their organisation from 'Italian Social Movement' (MSI) to 'Italian National Party'. The story is already being spread by respectable 'anti-Fascist' figures that the Fascists have after all done a good job in integrating the left-overs from Mussolini's regime into the democratic life of the nation. Meantime, while the Fascist deputies vote for Tambroni in the Chamber, Fascist thugs, some of them wearing the badges of Catholic Action, have been busy wrecking the headquarters of the Radical Party in Milan.

Fleet Street

The Gaitskell Story

Francis Williams writes: It was Attlee's habit when leader of the Labour Party to avoid reading newspapers as much as he could: a quick pre-breakfast glance at *The Times* perhaps, a rapid sniff at the *Herald;* no more. This is perhaps one of the reasons why he managed to remain leader of the party for 20 years. Hugh Gaitskell is much more of a newspaper reader; but his distaste for the press is at the moment, one imagines, even more profound.

There are few things Fleet Street enjoys more than a split in the Labour Party and for the past fortnight Mr Gaitskell's position has supplied it with a running story which has lost nothing whatever in the presentation, moving inexorably from the *Mail's* 'Must Gaitskell Go?' on 9 June to Douglas Brown's 'Gaitskell Ought To Go – It's Labour's Only Hope Now' in the *News Chronicle* eight days later. Until the beginning of this week, when the *Herald* came in with a quick one-two to the exposed chin of the Victory for Socialism Group. ('In November it will be possible for any Labour MP who wants the job – a pretty thankless one these last few months – to stand against Mr Gaitskell and try his luck. It will be interesting to see which members of Victory for Socialism is nominated'), it must have looked to the ordinary newspaper reader as if it was all over bar the shouting.

But what shouting. Whatever they may or may not have done for the Labour Party, there can be no doubt that Mr Woodrow Wyatt, Mr Michael Foot, Sir Tom Williamson and Victory for Socialism have done Fleet Street proud. There has for once been practically no need for political writers and sub-editors to improve on the news. Or not much, although James Callaghan, tipped by Douglas Brown as the natural successor to the Leadership may have wonderd quite what had happened when he read in the *Chronicle* on Saturday a banner headline across six columns: 'Callaghan Takes His Stand: Gaitskell Warned About Dictating'. This was over a report of a speech which *The Times* had headlined 'MP Calls For Labour Unity (Mr James Callaghan MP, a member of the Labour Party Executive yesterday called on members to stop abusing one another, seek unity and believe in themselves as a party') and even the *Express* had thought worth no more than four and a half lines down column.

Naturally in this general atmosphere Alfred Robens's appointment to the chairmanship of the National Coal Board, first forecast by the Labour Correspondent of the *Guardian* in an exclusive which left the whole of the rest of the press standing, was given the full political treatment. 'Macmillan beats us – then recruits us, says Labour: ROBENS ROCKS the BOAT', shouted the *Express;* 'FURY OVER ROBENS', roared the *Mail.* 'A silent judgment on the chances of the Labour Party winning the next election more devastating than that of the party's intellectuals', said the *Telegraph* and this remained the general judgment of the press despite Mr Robens's own denials of any such intentions and Mr Gaitskell's brave words of approval for his decision.

After Robens came Sir Tom Williamson ('Union Warns Labour: Curb the Party Rebels or Else', the *Daily Herald;* 'Put Foot on Trial', the *Daily Express*). And after Sir Tom Williamson came the Town Ward of the Hampstead Labour Party (' "Gaitskell Should Go" Call in Hampstead', the *Daily Telegraph*). However, journeying northward, William Hickey of the *Express* reported that Mr Gaitskell was unflappable – just like Mr Macmillan. 'Our Hugh was demonstrating the unflappable lesson No 1. He was snoozing over a book at the bottom of the garden when I called.'

While he snoozed, the Sunday papers were busy speculating about his successor – the highbrows of the tabloids, Malcolm Muggeridge in the *Pictorial* and Colm Brogan in the *Graphic* both giving their votes to George Brown. A Student of Politics in the *Sunday Times* saw James Callaghan 'emerging as one of the really top men . . . He is the strongest outsider in the field', and Cross Bencher in the *Sunday Express* looked with pleasure upon the possibility of Harold Wilson and George Brown egging each other on to destroy Hugh Gaitskell in the hope that the destroyer would also be destroyed.

In the midst of this the announcement by the editor of *Reynolds* over eight columns that 'What the Ordinary Labour Supporter Wants' is unity and 'agreement to tone down the bitterness of controversy over these things on which the party is not united', although possibly true, struck a slightly academic note.

NEXT WEEK

Ideas and Dollars in Asia
by KINGSLEY MARTIN

A View of the Gorbals
by W. JOHN MORGAN

Westminster

The Realities of the Lobbies

J. P. W. Mallalieu writes: A little debate blew up in the Commons on Tuesday about the Scottish shale-oil industry. A team of Labour back-benchers, effectively briefed or speaking from direct experience, and shrewdly inspired by Mr Harold Wilson and Mr Arthur Woodburn, deployed an attack on the deficiencies of government policy which Mr A. P. L. Barber, the Economic Secretary to the Treasury, was unable to combat. This was a minor affair; but when it was over those who had taken part came out of the Chamber looking pleased with themselves. They had worked together on a sound point and had shaken their opponents. They were now enjoying the pleasures of good teamwork and good leadership. Their content did not last a minute when it had to face the realities of the lobbies outside the Chamber.

Everywhere one went one saw little clusters of Labour members talking earnestly – a sure sign of trouble in the party – and the most persistent topic of discussion was the story which had been put out by the BBC in its early news bulletins that morning and subsequently picked up by the *Evening News* and other papers. This story appeared to be a leak. It said, in effect, that Mr Hugh Gaitskell had decided to reject the original draft of defence policy prepared so painstakingly by George Brown and others, that he would get the backing of the TUC for his own amendments to it, and that he would then drive these amendments through the international sub-committee of the National Executive which was to meet that day.

The Parliamentary Labour Party has had good reason in recent weeks to distrust newspaper acounts of its own doings; but as this particular account had come out on the BBC – which likes to have been very close to the horse's mouth before it indulges in forecasts – many members feared that it might well be true; and they knew that if it was true, nothing in politics could prevent a split in the party. The Brown compromise, and the interpretations put on that compromise by Brown, had been acceptable to a wide cross-section. Some of the ideas originally put forward by Gaitskell, notably his statement that Britain must have a nuclear deterrent of her own in order to maintain her independence of the United States, were not. If the amendments referred to in the leak were in line with such thoughts, at least half the party would refuse to wear them.

As things turned out, the story seems to have been untrue. No amendments appear to have been moved when the TUC discussed the draft and, so far as one can tell, no serious amendments were made when the draft was finally approved by the National Executive's international sub-committee. Gaitskell, in fact, accepted the George Brown compromise, an acceptance he made public alongside George Brown at an official press conference on Wednesday. So whoever put this story about did him serious harm. The immediate reaction from people who, since the general election, have seen a growing chance of unity suddenly dissipated by such escapades as the Jay kite and the row about Clause Four, was to say: 'Oh my God, Hugh's done it again'. Because of this, the reaction to Victory for Socialism's ill-advised public call for Gaitskell's resignation did not produce nearly so strong a counter-swing as one would have expected.

One must assume that the BBC story was not a direct leak. That being so, it was extremely unlucky for Gaitskell that it should be published at the very moment when so many of his supporters are bewildered by his conception of leadership. It is widely believed that Mr Frank Cousins, as anxious for unity as anyone but determined that his fundamental beliefs shall not be compromised, was willing to accept the Brown proposals if only he could be sure that they would be interpreted as Brown himself interpreted them; but he now rejects them because he is convinced that Gaitskell will try to impose other and unacceptable interpretations. Reactions to the BBC story in the Parliamentary Labour Party on Tuesday showed that Cousins is not alone in his views – which was why the shale oil-debaters lost their glow as soon as they left the chamber.

Sartre on Violence

MEETING Sartre is always an event for the journalist: thanks to his prodigious intellectual activity, he is always in the news. Last Saturday as I climbed the stairs to his flat in the Rue Bonaparte, I reflected on the almost embarrassingly wide choice of subjects I could fruitfully discuss with him. I chose in the end to engage him about a burningly topical problem, on which he had not so far stated his personal position.

Since the police, a few weeks ago, arrested a number of young Frenchmen who were giving clandestine support to the FLN and helping young conscripts to desert, everybody in France has been aware of this new manifestation of revolt against the war in Algeria. The parties, and the newspapers, of the Left, while paying tribute to the highmindedness of these 'young people of the resistance', have condemned their action at the political level as being ineffectual and even damaging. The only exception was *Les Temps Modernes*, which Sartre edits. In the last issue the review even published a letter from Francis Jeanson who, as the chief organiser of these clandestine activities, is wanted by the police. Apparently Sartre was widely attacked for this stand, and he was even denounced by *L'Express* as the *maître à penser* who incites young people to irresponsible action.

Sartre prefers to deal with these attacks in his own paper. What he wanted to explain to English readers is how these young Frenchmen came to rebel, and why their rebellion promises well for the future.

'If we had in France some valid institutions which allowed for genuine action of the left, then these young people would not have existed. But the Gaullist Establishment functions in such a way that it's impossible to create a real opposition. The regime has produced its own Left, which it tolerates and even supports, but which can't really affect the course of events. So those who aren't in agreement are driven outside the whole system.'

At first sight this statement struck me as odd. Whatever the limitations on the freedom of the press, it is still possible in France to express left-wing views and so influence public opinion. But this view, said Sartre, is oversimple: 'By all means, don't let's exaggerate: we can't say that we're really reduced to silence. But the Left which for 15 years has bored France with empty words, has so devalued their meaning that words alone have no terror for the regime. However, there are thresholds of influence; and as things are, one can influence public opinion only by crossing these thresholds. These young people who have moved from words to acts, and who have administered a jolt to public opinion, recall a truth which their seniors have entirely forgotten – the temper of violence of the Left'.

I reminded Sartre that there was a difference between the revolt of the 'blackshirts' who practise violence for the sake of violence, and the young defaulters who refuse to fight in Algeria; and that this difference is in the main due to the influence that he, the foremost intellectual in France, has had on the young. He was only half convinced by my argument. Of course he preferred the influence of the *jeune résistance* to the blackshirts: but he didn't much believe in the influence of intellectuals anyway.

'The young people who are in revolt have no guide and follow no theory, but they have very clear reasons for rejecting the whole system. They are the first generation to have to put up with the 27 months of military service in Algeria, they are the victims of a regime where everything is deteriorating, where every prospect is blocked. Certainly, if the parties of the left were really engaged in fighting in every possible way against the war in Algeria – if, for instance, the workers refused to load the ships as they did at the time of the war in Indo-China – the situation would be entirely different. But this isn't happening, and the young who have realised this fact have had no other course open to them but rebellion. It's they who are making things move, and so pushing other people into real opposition. Parents whose children are in prison, whose sons are wanted by the police as deserters, are now saying openly: "And to think we voted for de Gaulle two years ago!"'

Here I objected that, whatever the defects of the Gaullist regime, it didn't – in contrast with what it does in Algeria – practice violence against Frenchmen in metropolitan France, and consequently this revolt of the young angries seems rather a limited gesture. Sartre did not agree. What, according to him, was the sending of half a million men to Algeria every year but an act of violence? He then suggested we should look into the matter a bit further.

'On 13 May 1958, a trial of strength began in France between democracy and the army. What might have happened if it had been allowed to reach a conclusion I can't say, but I rather think that democracy would have won. We have never had a tradition of *pronunciamento*, and the habit of obedience in the French army has limited its real wish to rebel. But the reality behind this trial of strength – that the army wants the Algerian war, and France does not – was masked by de Gaulle. He mystified both sides with his words. But the situation remains fundamentally what it was in 1958, except that things have gone on, and continue to go on, getting worse. That's entirely natural, because nothing has been resolved.

'The Left, which thought that, thanks to de Gaulle, it could avoid the trial of strength, is now made to face reality by its own children who, disgusted by the whole situation, are launching into violent action. But this Left is exhausted – its organisations have grown old. Believe me, this "ageing" is a factor that Marxism never envisaged. The young are the only ones who've responded to de Gaulle's mystification in the proper way, that's to say by violence. They have acquired an increasing significance. The only real men of the left today in France are, in my opinion, the 20-year-olds.'

To fortify his arguments Sartre talked about Cuba, where the young are in power and where he could admire their spirit of enterprise; about Korea and Japan, where the young showed their opposition in violent demonstrations and pushed the masses into taking action. So it's a general phenomenon. It's the awakening of a generation which is taking over from its impotent seniors. But surely there is a fallacy in this argument? Cuba, Japan and Korea are countries with a very low standard of living, whereas France is still prosperous. Sartre did not overlook this difference, but argued that things are getting worse in France every day – and the workers are beginning to realise it.

'Never, since 1948, has the social problem been so acute. Except for people who still live off the rents from their property, which class in France is satisfied today? Certainly not the workers, who see that everything's bitched up, and that everything else takes second place to the war in Algeria. We're living in a world where things are going wrong at every level, where the governing class is also the stupidest and most decadent. It's from that point of view that you must look at political events: strikes, arrests, desertions. De Gaulle – the man with a mandate from the army – realises that his hold over the country is slipping, and that's the only reason he's making peace overtures to the FLN. But he's dependent both on the response of the FLN and on the reactions of the military and the *colons* in Algeria. We're in a violent situation – perhaps on the eve of an explosion.'

Behind these words I could feel Sartre's conviction that the trial of strength, adjourned from May 1958, was inevitable, that he was even allowing for the possibility of a short-term Fascist victory, but that he was putting his trust in the rebellious young to counter it with violence. But are their resources strong enough? Do they not need some more experienced organisations?

'There are organised movements in France capable of reacting. First of all there are the French trade unions, and the Moslem workers' unions. But these movements must find intermediaries to help them expand. During the recent demonstrations in Grenoble it was the young who brought together the two groups of unions. And when, for instance, the *Union Nationale des Etudiants de France* takes the initiative in establishing links with the banned organisation of Algerian students, it's a political event of great significance. We must bring the French and the Algerian workers together, in solidarity.'

Here we came back to another problem, that is at the heart of every discussion: should, or should not, the French Left, stand firmly by the FLN? Sartre's answer started with a denunciation of the nationalist demonstrations made by certain members of the Left: 'Our Left is so infected by a certain kind of "patriotism" that they don't dare open their mouths unless they've repeated ten times that they're good Frenchmen. Before 1914, nobody in the workers' movements felt the need to make this sort of profession. Later, the Left learned to give up some degree of internationalism. This withdrawal made some sort of sense when it was only a matter of the other nations of Europe: when it was a question of two opposing power-blocs, nationalism had indeed a positive role to play, for it coincided with the will to be independent both of Washington and Moscow. But faced

with the awakening of the under-developed countries, the Left must revert to internationalism. It's an absolutely basic question, emphasised Sartre; 'the French Left must stand solidly with the FLN. Their fates are linked. Victory for the FLN will be victory for the Left.'

Paris K. S. KAROL

London Diary

I NOTE that the Argentinians, who have too often given asylum to Nazis, are not taking the legal issue of international kidnapping to the Hague Court but to the Security Council, whose job is political, not legal. The real question is whether any good can come of a trial in Israel. It will almost inevitably look like merely delayed vengeance – unless, of course, the Court decides not to execute the prisoner. That would probably be the best solution. The only good that can come from the case would be if it awakened people, who have tolerated Nazi atrocities, to recognise them for what they were. That was the one sane object of the war guilt trials in Germany after the war. But the defeated Germans were not impressed, and it would be of no benefit to anyone, least of all to the surviving relatives from German camps, if the effect of trying Eichmann were to satisfy a natural feeling of vengeance in Israel and to leave the Germans merely shrugging their shoulders.

* * *

One is bound to give some sort of welcome, rueful or not, to any promise of 'better' prisons, if only because the ones we have are so bad. But the immediate benefit of the impressive building progress reported to the Commons by Mr Butler on Tuesday will be a negative one – a steady reduction in the squalor of packing three men in a cell made for one, which, in this weather, can barely be imagined by those who haven't experienced it. Even if it is ungracious to visualise the small, new, hygienic prisons as scientific Big Brother creations, there is something about the installation of a closed-circuit television system for 'observation' purposes that completes the picture – Bentham's 'panopticon' brought up to date. I am reminded of the remark of a man who spent many years in Joliot Prison, Ohio, where one guard can sit in the middle of a huge circular system comprising hundreds of cages and watch their inmates all the time. 'The guys in the cages can watch him, too,' he said; 'if 500 men agree to watch him silently for two hours they can very nearly send him round the bend.' Television would deprive them of even this comfort.

* * *

The Lord Chief Justice, with his brothers Hilbery and Donovan, seems to have made legal history. Until last Thursday, prostitution in this country was not a punishable offence, and the Wolfenden Committee was careful to avoid making it so. The Street Offences Act, of course, stepped up the penalties for soliciting 'in the street', and said that the street included doorways and entrances to buildings. Their Lordships have now decided that a prostitute who taps on her closed window as a man walks by, and then puts up three fingers to show that the price is £3, is soliciting in the street. 'The solicitation,' said Lord Parker, 'was projected to someone walking in the street. I am content to base my decision on that fact.' I wonder what he would say now about the sale of cigarettes (unlawful 'in the street') by means of an automatic machine installed on the doorstep of a shop? The purpose of the Street Offences Act was to clear the streets of prostitutes, not to chase them out of the premises it has just chased them into. This is persecution. It is also the best possible argument for a further right of appeal, at present non-existent but promised in the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, against Queen's Bench decisions on cases sent up from magistrates' courts.

* * *

Seven weeks ago (on 2 May), thirteen people were imprisoned for six months and two others for two months for taking part in a 'non-violent civil disobedience demonstration' at the Foulness atomic weapons research establishment. Soon afterwards a committee was formed to help their dependants to organise poster parades at which it would be possible to explain to the public why these demonstrators had decided on principle to break the law. So far, so logical and reputable. To prove one's sincerity by going to prison for a cause, while friends outside demonstrate their support, is a time-honoured and may be effective form of protest. But supporters who write to me demanding the release of the prisoners and criticising the magistrate for passing a savage sentence seem to me confused. The demonstrators are in gaol because they refuse, on principle, to pay a fine or to promise not to do so again. To demand their release or to criticise the magistrate is to defeat the object of the protest. Gandhi broke the law and told the judge that he did so in obedience to God and that the judge, in obedience to the law, must pass the maximum sentence on him. That made his protest effective.

* * *

The Bishop of Exeter is a sensible bishop – a rare thing and one that is always useful to have about the place. He holds that though doctors should not kill, they should not strive officiously to keep old people alive once they have more than one foot in the grave. Most sensible people, I think, would agree about the undesirability of last minute intravenous injections and operations that can only be 'successful' in the sense that the victim suffers for a few extra days or weeks. Some doctors, of course, object; as magicians, they would disapprove of anyone, even an archbishop, questioning their authority. The old need not worry; even those who do not irrationally cling to life, after life is over, probably have relatives who will feel guilty about talking of a 'happy release' until it no longer matters. To me it seems that, when people are old and grey and full of sleep, they shall be allowed to sleep peacefully.

* * *

Sometimes watching our strangled traffic, I wonder if the pundits who reel off statistics about population, are not missing a crucial point in the argument. Over-population today is not, as Malthus supposed, only a question of the relation of people to production, but even more of mobile people to space. We can supply plenty of food to 50 million people in this island, and the Chinese and Indians may some day contrive adequately to feed 1,000 million, who are mainly stationary, peasants and townsfolk. But if instead of being stationary in their towns and villages, most of the population begin to move about in cars or other substitutes, then the vital statistics become socially irrelevant. The slogan used to be 'with every mouth, God sends a pair of hands'. But what if he sends a car as well as a pair of hands? Each car does far more than one baby to increase the population.

* * *

There is a well-known Fleet Street maxim – which I have never succeeded in following – that the British public never understands irony. But I have not expected so much Englishry from Hugh Delargy who solemnly declared in last Sunday's *Reynolds News* that I am 'strongly in favour of flogging.' I might suggest punishments suitable to naïve columnists, but Mr Delargy would probably think that I wanted to revive the thumbscrew. So I'll be content with ending paragraphs in future: *'For special attention of Mr Delargy.* This is irony!'

* * *

Many years ago I started a lively correspondence in this journal by quoting examples of the 'Dream-Tags' remembered on waking. A favourite of mine is:

> Take out my steed
> And let it feed
> On more than meets the eye

Another I recall was a result of high fever. The dreamer awoke from a wonderful vision of angels singing as they circled round the heavenly throne. He was sure that if the hymn were recorded, it would be the highest imaginable poetry. He roused himself long enough to scribble what he remembered on a piece of paper. In the morning he read:

> It's white to be snow
> It's cold to be ice
> It's windy to blow
> And it's nice to be nice.

* * *

An article on this topic has recently been sent me by Mr William Hughes reprinted from the *Friends' Quarterly*. (Mr Hughes is the author of a new book of ingenious verse entitled *Ye Cheerful Saints;* he is also known to all students of our competitions as 'Little Billee'.) He records a large and various assortment of dream verse. I particularly liked the enigmatic suggestion of these two awe-inspiring lines:

> Then, feeling no remorse for sin,
> The Husky-Busky drew him in.

The unconscious mind, it seems, has an excellent sense of rhythm and invites splendid Lewis Carroll words. Few conscious minds invent happier phrases than 'the canting cream-jug ran', or more evocative ones than 'Fed him with stolen pear-juice through a straw'. 'I'm happier as a bridge than as a bride', suggests profound introspection. 'Where bantlings blear the quilted moon', has true poetic quality. Mr Hughes believes that Freudians have not adequately discussed these unconscious inspirations and he argues that they may be wrong in looking for so much meaning in them. Is it not possible 'that one may enjoy humour, even the rather elementary humour of nonsense, in dreaming as well as in waking'. I do not know whether any Freudian will accept his guess that the realm of the unconscious may be 'inhabited not only by antediluvian archetypes, monstrous repressions, cloudy wish-creatures and angelic inspirations, but also by little imps of nonsense and humour who play around the traveller'.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I have travelled quite extensively and have never noticed the British tourist behaving in a manner which could be termed offensive to the natives.

I fail to see what is disrespectful to the natives of Spain in a jolly crowd of North-countrymen singing their famous song ('She's a Lassie from Lancashire'). I would imagine the locals would be quite appreciative of their efforts. – *Travel & Holidays Gazette.* (Michael Darken).

The alertness of the Queen Mother was evident in the paddock during the saddling of horses for the Ribblesdale Stakes. She noticed that the handbag carried by Mrs Johnson Houghton had come open. The Queen Mother drew the attention of Lord Tryon, who accompanied her, and he told Mrs Johnson Houghton. – *Daily Telegraph.* (Louis W. Bondy).

'It is so much more impressive to be able to talk of the "*pension*" we found at some Mediterranean resort with an unpronounceable name, where sanitation does not exist and where a visit to the chemist is almost a daily necessity, than to admit to having had a grand holiday at a boarding house, with good English food, at one of our seaside resorts.' – *News Chronicle.* (D. Gavron.

In this country, everyone is delighted to see young people starting out in life together.

How different it is in Russia. There the State forbids a Russian girl to marry a British student.

Where the Brotherhood of Man is official doctrine, even love gets a 'Niet.' – *Daily Express.* (Anthony F. Wilson).

Learning to Read

Illiteracy, unlike blindness and deafness, rarely commands sympathy. Yet it may be an even greater evil since it so often has to be endured throughout life. The schoolboy who plays truant because he cannot read the simple text books or the writing on the blackboard, or even pass the time by reading comics under his desk, becomes the adult who cannot decipher the HP agreement or the terms of the council tenancy, and for whom even the sporting page of the daily paper or the fashion notes in the woman's magazine are no clearer than double dutch.

A few adults are cured of their affliction. Each year the army transforms the lives of some young soldiers by sending them as full-time students to its school for illiterates on Salisbury Plain. Each year a few young criminals express gratitude to prison and Borstal staff and probation officers who have taught them, or arranged for them to be taught, to read and write. Some evening institutes provide special classes for illiterates. But for the most part, illiteracy in adults is accepted both as an incurable defect and a label of social inferiority. It causes its owner to seek out, or to drift among, those with a similar handicap and to accept dead-end jobs and sub-standard accommodation. It precludes the understanding of the countless written instructions (rates, taxes, insurance, pensions, housing, licences, etc) which influence the lives of the citizens of today. It is true that a semi-literate student in a university tutorial class taken by the writer escaped detection for half a session by handing in essays composed by himself and typed by a friend. But few illiterates have the intelligence and initiative of this young man. For the most part, their talents remain for ever hidden by a veneer of unteachability, which becomes ever more difficult to penetrate with advancing years.

Estimates of the number of illiterate and semi-illiterate people in this country vary from one per cent to 25 per cent according to the standard taken and the age group assessed. In a Ministry of Education sample survey of reading ability in 1956, 20 per cent of the 11-year-olds were found to be backward and one per cent semi-literate or illiterate. The corresponding figures for the 15-year-olds were 21 per cent and four per cent. Since among backward readers, lack of practice always leads to loss of skill, it is not unreasonable to assume that at least half of the 15-year-old backward readers will be semi-literate by the time they are 20. Thus the figure for the semi-literate and illiterate adult population is not less than 15 per cent and is probably more.

All investigators are agreed that the causes of backwardness are complex. Lack of innate ability often appears to be a factor, although modern educational psychologists are much less dogmatic than their predecessors about the infallibility of intelligence tests. It is recognised today that the sense of failure found in nearly all backward children prevents many of them from doing themselves justice in such tests. Other factors include backward or itinerant parents, broken or disturbed homes, bad health, poor school attendance. For any one child, several of these adverse factors are likely to operate and to interact in a manner that makes it difficult to assess the exact importance of each; but the fact remains that whatever the causes of the backwardness, nearly every child who is not an idiot or an imbecile (pre-1959 Mental Health Act classification) can, with individual attention, learn to read and write.

In a recent investigation undertaken by Fabian Local Societies, a study was made of the ways in which 16 local educational authorities dealt with their backward children. All but one of these authorities provided Special Schools for between 0.4 per cent and 0.97 per cent of their 'Educationally Subnormal' children. Before a child is ascertained as ESN, he is given tests by an educational psychologist and examined by a school medical officer, if his IQ is below 40 or over 70. His age on 'ascertainment' is usually between seven and 14 and his parents will be under a statutory obligation to keep him at school until he is 16 unless he is 'de-ascertained' before that age. ESN boys outnumber girls by about two to one.

The organisation of ESN schools is more flexible than that of ordinary state schools. Some are all-age schools. Others are classed as Primary or Secondary, but often with a considerable age-overlap. Some are co-educational. Their distinguishing features are small classes, individual instruction, a friendly and informal atmosphere and a 'dedicated' staff. Most of the Fabian investigators commented very favourably on the ESN schools in their areas. The parents were said to be co-operative once they were convinced that their offspring were not to be treated as either 'silly' or 'daft' and were not to be 'put away' in an institution. They were encouraged to visit the schools, and, not infrequently, members of the staff visited the children's homes. This unpaid, voluntary activity was said to be a most valuable social service to parents who were unable or too diffident or too indifferent to visit the school.

All but one of the Fabian investigators said that the delinquency rate was no higher, and two said it was lower, than that among the rest of the school population. Estimates by head teachers and inspectors of the proportion of children able to read a simple book and write a simple letter on leaving school ranged from 50 per cent to 95 per cent with an average of 80 per cent – no mean achievement when related to the intelligent quotients of these children and one to be borne in mind when considering the reading ability of children whose IQs are within the normal range. Nearly all the children obtained and held down jobs – usually semi-skilled or unskilled, though one ex-ESN school boy was said to have become an army sergeant during his National Service.

One criticism made by a number of Fabians was that, although parents are under statutory obligation to keep their children at school until 16, they cannot obtain for them the maintenance allowances which are available under a means test for those who remain at school voluntarily until that age. Since the Ministry of Education points out that 'unfortunate home circumstances are frequent concomitants of poor reading' and this applies even more to ESN than to ordinary children, there would appear to be very strong grounds for legislation to enable parents to receive maintenance allowances for their children who are bound by law to remain at school for one year longer than normal. Other criticisms (individual not general) made by the Fabians related to inadequate after-care, which was left largely to the head teachers in some areas, and to the inclusion among the ESN children of imbeciles, who could not themselves benefit by schooling and who were a distraction to those who could.

While the Fabians were satisfied for the most part with the education provided for the bottom 0.7 per cent of the child population, they were appalled by the neglect of the bottom 10-20 per cent of children in our ordinary schools – children who 'at 15 are scarcely able to read or write a coherent letter and know little more than they did when leaving their primary schools'. They found that most local authorities were aware of the problem and many had 'schemes' for dealing with it; but owing to the shortage of accommodation and of teachers, successful implementation was well-nigh impossible.

Three ways of dealing with illiterates suggest themselves. The first is to accept a 'submerged tenth' as an unfortunate but ineradicable feature of a welfare state. No Socialist can accept this solution; and one might add that it is a short-sighted policy for anybody, since at our level of culture there are few occupations which can be performed satisfactorily by those who can barely read and write. The second is to spend less on the bright children – e.g. curtail the opportunities now given to Secondary Modern children to take GCE examinations and postpone indefinitely the raising of the school-leaving age to 16 – in order to provide backward children with the small classes and individual attention essential for their progress. No one who has observed the tremendous strides forward made by children of average ability who remain voluntarily in Modern and Comprehensive schools for an extra year, could wish to deprive one child of this chance. A third solution is for the government to give education the degree of priority needed to make us into a fully literate nation. As a prelude to action – and perhaps as a method of awakening his Cabinet colleagues to this national disgrace – the Minister might request local educational authorities to give to school

children in their areas a standardised reading test selected by his own experts as suitable for a national survey. Authorities could then inform the Minister of their minimum requirements to alleviate the needs of all the backward and illiterate in their schools. Since there are at present over 1.25 million children in Primary and 133,000 children in Secondary Modern schools in classes of 41 and over, proper provision would depend on the readiness of the nation to spend a great deal more on the education of its children.

It is sometimes implied that, owing to the shortage of teachers, it is hardly worth spending this money on buildings and equipment. This is simply an excuse for inaction. If the matter were regarded as one of national urgency, the shortage of teachers could be met by employing on a part-time basis, a body of women – many perhaps retired owing to marriage or age – for the sole purpose of teaching children to read and write. These women might well include ex-social workers and others who, after a short *day*-training course, could give to small groups of children in school the individual help which more fortunate children often obtain from their mothers at home. Only by using in peace time the unconventional methods so readily and successfully adopted during a war, is the problem of illiteracy likely to be solved.

MARY STEWART

Ordinary People

LIVING in London I meet no-one who is not vertiginously interesting, so it can't be the craving for novelty which drives me out of England, pursued by every devil of claustrophobia. When short of a hair shirt, the puritan conscience torments itself because one is not meeting ordinary people, but it would be better occupied wondering why one has spent relentless years levering oneself out of the tedium of provincial life (Central Africa, in my case) only to be afflicted by doubts as to the wholesome influences one must be missing. As D. H. Lawrence said: 'Ah, all those wholesome, simple, ordinary people everywhere, only alas one never seems to meet any.'

Taking flight, therefore, to meet ordinary people, I sat beside a healthy blonde on the airport bus, on the Black Thursday of the collapsed Summit, and her first syllable revealed her as South African. 'I don't like being here because everyone criticises us about the kaffirs.' She said at the airport cafe, at the sight of a black man in waiter's dress: 'There's a native boy who looks as if he's doing his proper job, dressed like that.' She said on the tarmac: 'I expected to have to mix in England but a big buck Jamaican said "Hello, love" to me at a bus-stop and me and my girl-friend were nearly sick.'

I said, '*Men* are *all* the *same*', but she said: 'No, it's only the black kaffirs'. So I said, 'All the world knows a black man loves a blonde,' and she said, 'I shouldn't have left my boy-friend in Durban, poor chappie.' I sat behind her on the plane, refusing converse with my neighbour, who I knew would turn out to be Welensky's second cousin from Broken Hill, and watched, fascinated, her large, freckled forearm, which sprouted thick growths of yellow hair. Next to her a bald and shiny business man listened to her complaints that Holland was the only clean country in Europe; and before the white cliffs were well over, he was stroking the furzy forearm closest to him and persuading her to accompany him to Sweden, which is cleaner even than Holland.

At Orly waited a groomed and glittering plane with a strip of red carpet tethered by white ropes. Krushchev? Macmillan? Eisenhower? I looked for signs of this crisis in history in the faces of the passengers, but some Americans from Long Island complained that there was refuse in the Grand Canal, while a French girl just returned from nursing in London, told her mother that she'd rather die than ever set foot in England again. Seeing a posse of journalists nosing for crises, I asked how it had been, and one said it was just his luck, he'd never enjoyed a conference more. I left them playing that new and soothing parlour game which Krushchev has given us with one hand while destroying our peace of mind with the other: the invention of suitable yet wholesome peasant proverbs:

French peasant: Open the icebox door too often, and the hinges will weaken. *British peasant:* Leave not the Sunday joint on the back step if you wish not the vultures to get it. *American peasant:* Where there are lice, there is love.

There was a man on his knees on the red carpet with a hand brush, but no sign of the Summitteers, so I got on the bus behind two American business men. One said the French girls are more sexy than the Italians, but the second said No, the Germans are more sexy and anyway much cleaner. The first said he spent one day in Paris at the end of the Second World War and he had four addresses to look up; the other said, That was a long time ago, but the first said it didn't matter anyway because he had been wrecked by a girl in Amsterdam. Then they played the new game: 'Expense account in at the window; alimony out at the door.' 'The best things in life are free, as we always say in the States.'

The agency said that Paris was full, but the hotel in the Rue Vernueil had a room. This hotel has been run for ever by two elderly sisters; one bright blonde, one bright auburn. It has 40 rooms, and five years ago there was one maid who worked from six in the morning till 11 at night with one afternoon off at £3 a week. When I paid the bill five years ago the red-haired sister was in her sitting-room, which had dark red flowered wallpaper and dark bureaux oozing papers suggestive of coldly contested legal documents. Madame sat in a chair in a dirty purple corset with her thin white legs stuck in a foot-bath, while the maid squatted on the floor washing her feet.

Now she again retired to the same room, with the same wallpaper and the same maid washed her feet in a white enamel basin. It gave me the feeling one has on revisiting a play that has run a long time: the same people have been making the same movements and saying the same things for a lifetime of nights. I said to Madame, How was the conference, but she said: *Je m'en fou*, and a lot more on the same lines, so I went up to my room and indulged my sentimentality about Paris, or rather about the narrow, white-grey, bird-haunted streets of the Left Bank. Nothing had changed – a remark one could not make about London which changes dramatically for the better every month. Paris, it goes without saying, could not change for the better.

Downstairs in the lobby two American students talking: 'Why journey to France where there are no values we haven't got back where we come from?' 'Why pay for love if you can sleep for nothing with your best friend's wife?' Their faces were straight, but by then I could recognise the game anywhere, so I left them to it, and went to the restaurant which five years ago was for students and very cheap. Now it is for tourists and the *crème cqramel* was a packaged gelatine dessert and there was an extremely cosmopolitan fruit cup, *tout compris*. This restaurant is run by a girl every bit as beautiful as Bardot, and a very scruffy man. He said to her: 'Why wear white if you wish to appear clean?' And she was saying to him: 'Do not eat *paté* when your liver is out of order.' This caused a quarrel, and he sulked off. I said, What's wrong with him, and she said: 'He is dying for love of me.' I said: 'Good for you.' She said: 'I became his partner because I loved him, but now I do not love him.'

I said: 'When money comes in at the door love flies out of the window'; and she said: 'When we kill each other the papers will say it was for love but it will be for money'; and I said: 'You should look before you leap'; and she said: 'That's life! taking the words right out of my mouth.'

Then I went to the Café Flore and watched Walt Disney being photographed with his wife, whose hat was covered with quivering white feathers. Both looked extremely respectable, and before they had even left, the waiters were arguing with solemn passion about whether he is, or is not, a truly great artist.

DORIS LESSING

The Arts and Entertainment

Reason's Dream

IT is an axiom that sooner or later in every great opera there comes a moment when plot, character and music seem to converge and together acquire a significance that transcends all the elements: a significance that is both vast and simple. It comes early in *Fidelio*, late in *Falstaff*, and never at all in many second-rank operas deservedly loved by the public. Such moments of revelation cannot be engineered, and that perhaps is why the total effect of Britten's larger operas has not always been in proportion to their purely musical accomplishment.

It should hardly be necessary to emphasise that Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* affords Britten by far the most integrated and complex drama that he has yet tackled. Because of the play's complexity we may have to stop and consider its meaning. But we find that this meaning is latent in every fibre of the drama, until finally it is explicit in Theseus's famous speech, 'More strange than true', at the beginning of Act 5.

There is no surer sign of Britten's present confidence as an opera composer than the fact that he omitted Theseus's speech from his opera. On the surface the speech might seem to parallel the interpretative and moralistic passages in *Billy Budd* and *Lucretia*, though of course it is incomparably more natural and integrated. It is this very integration that gives Britten his excuse for omitting the speech, for in opera music has the function of making explicit whatever is latent. If this has been achieved, then from the point of view of music-drama the Theseus speech is redundant.

The question therefore is whether Britten has successfully composed at other points in the opera those elements which are explicit

The Sudan pulls ahead

The present irrigation dam at Sennar will soon have a very different look, when the new power house is built to supply electricity to the Sudan's new factories.

THE GREAT PROMISE OF ENERGY FROM THE NILE

THINGS are moving fast in the Sudan. With the peaceful revolution of 1958, General Abboud's government made careful and far-reaching plans and put them in order of priority. Now the first of these aims – to restore stability in the economy – is achieved, and confidence in the future of the Sudan is attracting capital from abroad.

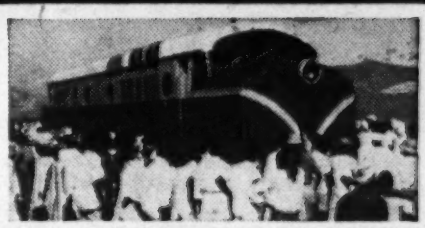
Apart from this general aim, development plans centre on cotton, power and the railways. The Sudan depends on cotton for more than 60% of her exports, so until industry becomes more diverse (an avowed government aim) the cotton industry is being boosted at all stages – irrigation schemes, ginning factories, textile mills.

But all industry needs electrical power, and for this the Sudan turns to her great double artery, the Nile. The Sennar Dam on the Blue Nile is the first of a number of schemes planned for two vital functions: to provide abundant electricity for a wide range of industries and also water for irrigation.

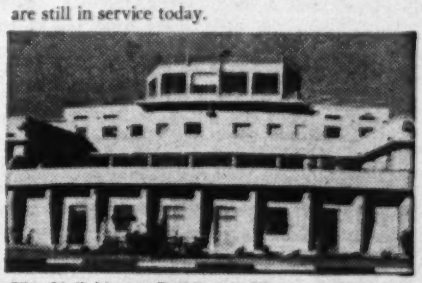
English Electric in the Sudan. In all these new endeavours The English Electric Company is proud to be serving the Sudan. The company is part of an international consortium responsible for turbines for the Sennar Dam project, for transmission lines between Sennar and Khartoum, and for extensions to the Burri steam power station, which form part of the £4½ million scheme.

An even bigger scheme will start operating next year: English Electric has joined two other British companies in equipping a £6 million textile mill which will produce 75 million yards of cloth a year—largely for the expanding internal market. The company has equipped other industrial undertakings and public buildings—the first English Electric diesel was installed as long ago as 1925! And the Sudan Railways extension programme includes fifteen diesel-electric locomotives, the first of which recently had an enthusiastic reception from the citizens of Khartoum.

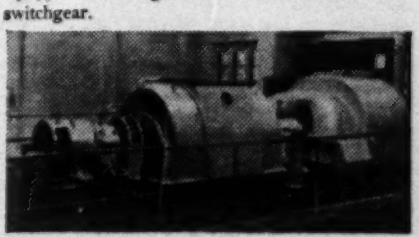
In every aspect of power engineering—for *generating*, *distributing* and *using* electrical energy—English Electric is at work. And while English Electric gains in the Sudan further valuable experience which it can use for work in other countries and at home, the Sudan knows she can rely on the specialized knowledge and technical resources which lie behind every contract with English Electric.



The first of 15 English Electric 1,850-h.p. diesel-electric locomotives arrives at Khartoum. English Electric first supplied locomotives to the Sudan in 1936 and a further order followed in 1950. All these are still in service today.



The Civil Airport Building in Khartoum, like many public buildings in the Sudan (e.g. the Republican Palace, Ministry of Finance, Radio Omdurman), is equipped with English Electric transformers and switchgear.



In the Burri power station, English Electric has installed diesel-generator plant totalling 12,565 kW and two turbo-alternator sets generating 5,000 kW, like the one shown. One 10,000 kW set was recently commissioned and a second is on order.

POWER FOR PEACE

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

The English Electric Company Limited, Marconi House, Strand, London W.C.2

in the Theseus speech. The speech contains two leading motifs. The first and most obvious is the ironic equation of Lunatic and Lover (who, through Love, becomes Poet). There has been much criticism of Britten's characterisation of the two main pairs of lovers, and too little appreciation of its subtlety. So far from 'neglecting' to differentiate them, he has deliberately enclosed them in a single musical circle, which is the circle of Love. Lysander alone is allowed to explore its diameter and circumference. This is a valid operatic economy, even though Britten may be thought to have carried economy too far with regard to Demetrius. Yet Lysander is made a large enough figure to sustain the impetus. It is indeed appropriate to speak of impetus, for by means of the repeated local suspension of impetus (in the enchanted Lysander's characteristic seventh-chord harmony) the madness of love is first suggested and then confirmed. In this music the first motif of the speech is faithfully expressed.

The second motif in the Theseus speech is of course related to the first, but extends immeasurably far beyond it. It is nothing less than a statement of a vast and simple truth about creative activity, the truth that reason and imagination are theoretically irreconcilable, but that they meet and become indistinguishable in the work of a true artist. This is the mighty river bed in which the play runs its course. Nothing is inessential to it.

So we come, as always in Shakespeare's greatest plays, to the question of the comedy, and the questioning of the comedy. The humour of the 'rude mechanicals' is by no means a diversion, but is strictly relevant to the theme. Bottom himself shares with Theseus the honour of being the only 'reasonable' figure in the play. His wits may be slow, but even when transformed he still has his wits about him ('reason and love keep little company together nowadays'). Britten first shows Bottom for what he really is in the miraculous setting of Bottom's words, 'Write me a prologue'. And in the idyll with Titania, Bottom has some of the most profoundly affectionate music in the opera. Appropriately, it has a cool reasonableness quite distinct from the other love music. Bottom has not in fact been 'translated' at all, unlike the others. The mundane pleasures of food, entertainment and sleep mean no less to him now; and, when the dream is over, he alone amongst the enchanted ones sceptically refuses to recount his dream.

The diatonic character of Bottom's idyll is at the opposite pole to the music of the fairy kingdom, which is the world of the imagination. The contrasts between the different worlds are established musically with great mastery in the first two-thirds of the opera, and as the music begins for the interlude before the final scene, there is every ground for anticipating a major revelation. But it is precisely at the point of trial that the opera fails. Already, with the broadly Italianate string melody which heralds the entry to Theseus's court, one senses a certain artificiality, and although the introduction of Theseus at so late a stage is an arduous necessity, there is no reason why he should not be given appreciable musical stature. As sponsor of the Pyramus play in the face of his court's mockery, he has a vital role in the drama.

Unhappily, Theseus does not come to life until too late (when the Pyramus play is over). It is surely unquestionable that Theseus's attitude to the Pyramus play is the one Shakespeare intends us to share, and therefore the one that the composer must promote. Theseus says 'For never anything can be amiss, When simplicity and duty tender it,' and a humane and sentimentally agreeable point is made. But he also says 'The best in this kind are but shadows, And the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them' – and with that remark the essential relevance of the play-within-the-play is confirmed. From the rehearsal scenes with Bottom and his cronies we have learnt that for them the only trouble is that reason, albeit simple, stands in the way of imagination: the prosaic honestly refuses to admit the poetic. The 'performance' of the Pyramus play is a last desperate attempt to reconcile the two, and because these particular shadows are doomed to failure, we must let 'imagination amend them'. If we do not, then we are caught and condemned for laughing cheaply and rather nastily at those we presume to be our intellectual inferiors. That is Shakespeare's hidden sword. He does not sit in judgment. He merely leaves us to impale ourselves.

For a composer this is a supreme challenge. However, in Aldeburgh, the challenge seems barely to have been noticed. Musically, the Pyramus play becomes an occasion for straightforward farcical parody, in which the only stroke worthy of Britten is the drop from C major to B *major* for Thisbe's lament. There is no suggestion that this is a crucial scene, or indeed that it is anything but a party-game before everyone goes home.

Fortunately for the opera, 'the iron tongue of midnight' strikes, and with a sudden swerve into a maestoso variation of the 'play theme' heard in the first two acts, Britten recovers himself, and imagination makes the shadows real once more. But one feels they have been betrayed, together with the manifold beauties of a marvellous but incomplete opera. Somehow the final fusion into artistic truth never took place, despite the noble matching of music and language; and when the slender Puck-music cruelly interrupts the inspired final chorus, one might gladly 'the Puck liar call'. His place is not the centre, nor the true end. A larger truth is measured in the finest part of Britten's new opera.

DAVID DREW

Galileo Englished

BRECHT has proved a Godsend to the Mermaid. He is not just the kind of important dramatist this shining new theatre should put on, a writer whose scope matches both its stage and its ambitions; he is also a perfect excuse. For Brecht, as everyone knows, set his face against theatrical illusion. He was – in theory, if not in artistic practice – a rationalist who wished to replace catharsis by teaching. Hence all the tricks of his 'epic' theatre: the summaries of the plot, which preface each development like the synopses of a silent film; the choral comments; his insistence on the stage simply as a stage, not as a hypnotic, painted world of fantasy, and on the actors as actors, coolly expounding their parts in the dramatic argument, instead of forcing the audience to identify with them.

This suits the Mermaid Company to perfection. They have always been rather weak on theatrical illusion. In my innocence, I had supposed that this was due to lack of acting ability. Apparently I was wrong. All along, they have been Brechtians under the skin.

Well, I wonder. By their effects – even by their *Verfremdungseffekt* – shall ye know them. Theory or no theory, there is still a difference between alienation and boredom. When Brecht's own Berliner Ensemble was here in 1956, its productions were intensely compelling. Perhaps the compulsion was more rational than emotional – though I doubt it. But it was no less for that.

At the Mermaid, however, *The Life of Galileo* is simply slowed down and emptied out – which may just pass in principle but is, nevertheless, a bit hard on the play. For though the emotional situation may be deliberately under-exploited, the intellectual analysis is not. On the contrary, it has speed, power and a swarming vitality. In Bernard Miles's production, the intellectual passion of Galileo and his disciples is transformed into a peculiarly English affair. That is, the passion disappears and heartiness takes its place. They talk, for the most part, with the eager but faintly self-conscious enthusiasm of precocious sixth-formers. It is a tone more appropriate to Bernard Shaw than Bertolt Brecht. It even affects the marvellous scene between the otherwise imposing Pope of Michael Griffiths and Geoffrey Rose's teenage, crew-cut Cardinal Inquisitor.

As Galileo, Bernard Miles's difficulty is different, but still very English. He finds it almost impossible to be unsympathetic. Even when he recants and betrays his principles for the sake of his tummy, when he becomes, as Brecht himself said, 'criminal', Miles still remains, despite everything, the same old likeable chap – more so than ever, in fact, since his Galileo improved noticeably with age. It is a fine piece of acting but it does not quite bring home the moral shock of Brecht's ending. There are some good supporting performances: Roy Spencer has his moments as Andrea Sarti, Blake Butler dodders impressively, and Vivienne Bennett manages exactly the clamped-down, suffering look of all Brecht's elderly heroines. Michael Stringer's designs give the stage the correct degree of scenic undress. But whatever the failings of the production, the play survives them and should be seen.

A. ALVAREZ

The Poet's Secret

AT the end of *Candida*, when the Rev. James Morell flies to his wife's arms as Marchbanks, the rejected pre-Raphaelite poet, makes his beatific exit, Shaw writes: 'They embrace. But they do not know the secret in the poet's heart'. Now the real secret about this play – and indeed about Shaw *in toto* – is this: there *is* no secret in the poet's heart. There is no secret because Shaw, having observed a phenomenon – the daggers-drawn war between moral idealism and Dionysian rapture – intellectualised it without understanding it. Not only is there no secret: there is no heart.

The irritating thing is that, on stage, the deception that Shaw is practising on his audience nearly works. We have the illusion that we are listening to a valid argument, and even – most especially in this play – that Shaw is showing us flesh and blood creatures in the grip of a possible human dilemma. Frank Hauser's production of *Candida* at the Piccadilly Theatre is so exceptionally clever that if it weren't for one small but important flaw the deception would be complete. Mr Hauser, by manipulating the mimed reactions, the pauses, the swoops and swoons and double-takes of his cast, by making Marchbanks perform an elaborate choreography in and out of the cluttered Edwardian furniture of Michael Richardson's excellent set, has almost transformed Shaw's pasteboard mouth-

You flo tru ?

Old English proverb: "*All fluids flow*".

Fact. Mild ale, milk of human kindness, meths, myths,
moths, maths, mulligatawny . . . all flow, all anyhow.
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But in British beehive of industry, buzz buzz clickety click,
flow-control fundamental. Can't pump chemicals Anglo-Saxon drainpipes . . . .
can't pour phenolphthalein chipped teapot . . .
can't put new wine old buckets . . . Laughing stock.

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pieces into breathing human characters. The combination of his creative direction and Dulcie Gray's musical warmth turns this power-hungry fiend, Candida, into the semblance of a woman. Jeremy Spenser, appealing in his quicksilver frailty, makes of Marchbanks something recognisably a something: not a poet (there *is* no secret . . .) but a wild dreamy adolescent whose calf-love is the one solid reality of the play. Ken Wynne is rheumatically right as Mr Burgess, and Gillian Raine, as the worshipping amanuensis, is properly acidulous in the face of the great secret.

But something has gone wrong with Michael Denison's presentation of Morell: whether a fault of acting or directing I can't say. The man *is* childishly simple, pompous, conceited: but if our withers are to be wrung at all we must be made to feel that Marchbanks is the nigger in a reasonably well-stacked wood-pile. In the first act we should be able to *admire* Morell; but Mr Denison's echoing, orotund style alienates our sympathy from the start, and whatever human reality there was in the situation collapses.

At the Criterion Jerome Kilty and Cavada Humphrey are appearing in *Dear Liar*, Mr Kilty's stage adaptation of Shaw's famous correspondence with Mrs Patrick Campbell. With such a history of success behind it as Mr Kilty outlines in his notes, I suppose I ought to be joining the cheering crowd. In fact the evening depressed me deeply. Presumably if one is a Shaw-lover this oddly inappropriate method of presenting a sequence of love-letters (love, of course, being the one quality conspicuously absent: Shaw was emotionally impotent) is an ecstatic experience, but to me the spectacle of a pleasantly jolly American declaiming, in a remotely Irish-type accent, these self-centred, sadistic paper posturings, or listening in his turn to a trans-Atlantic Lady Macbeth vainly trying to get-out-from-under his spurious attentions, was a miserable and bewildering farce. One has to allow Shaw his courage, his occasional moments of enlightenment, and his brilliant crossword-puzzle intellect, but these should not make him immune from attack.

JEREMY BROOKS

Crawling Satire

NOTHING is more tediously old-fashioned than yesterday's satire. In older satire we are amused to find that human nature has not changed much down the centuries, and if there are wit and grace in the writing – Swift, Congreve, Wilde – we enjoy it. But when the satire is as recent as the Capeks' in *The Insect Play* (1923), its comments on individual human failings seem trite, and its attack on such collective crime as war is blunted just because it is so nearly, but not quite, topical. To be precise: the demagogic leaders of the Capeks' ant-race openly want war and glory in it; this passage would have been more telling to Nato-conditioned viewers if they had, while preparing for war, proclaimed their devotion to peace, used only the word 'defence' and rattled off the jargon of the Supreme Deterrent.

The brothers Capek were, in their day, lively innovators. (They coined the word 'robot'.) This parable may have shocked patriotic old ladies at matinees soon after World War I. It now seems laboured and obvious. If it was to be put on at all, except as a historical curiosity (no doubt, part of the function of the BBC's 'Twentieth Century Theatre' series, but surely not its entire function?), I don't think it would have been sacrilege, since the Capeks were not great masters of the language, to modernise *The Insect Play* drastically.

This was also a demonstration of studio effects and photographic tricks. Immense pains had clearly been taken; but perfection is essential here, and if the illusion was successful at all – which it may have been to children allowed to sit up late last Sunday – it was, I fear, ruined by one ghastly moment when the bit of picture containing the tramp-narrator wobbled and moved away just too soon from the bit containing the insects.

Oddly, there was more genuine dramatic invention in two one-man sketches in ITV's *Saturday Spectacular* which, as performed by Anthony Newley, would not have disgraced, say, a revue at the Royal Court. One was a record of the musings (in 'free association') of a man in a train: the ads flash by, he can't quite read them, a girl gets in and gets out, he hasn't dared to speak to her. In the other sketch, Newley sits on a park bench, beside an untidy carton, about a foot square, at which he pokes inquisitively. The carton contains an Addams-type pianist who soon becomes the sardonic dominant partner in a duologue: he sneers at Newley's fancily wrapped 'silver disc' (awarded him because 250,000 copies of it have been sold) and at Newley's credulity in believing it's his own disc because it says so on the label. Perhaps they've given him a Vera Lynn? 'There's only one way to prove it.' It *is* a Vera Lynn.

The pianist, being unseen, was created far more vividly, and alarmingly, in our imagination than were the Capeks' lepidoptera.

TOM DRIBERG

Sidney Nolan

THERE is one painting in Sidney Nolan's exhibition at Matthiesen's which has more conviction and weight and mystery and resonance than all the many others put together. It is one of the *Leda and Swan* series, No. 6 in the catalogue, its size four feet by five. The colour is mostly sepia and a sour sort of green. The figures are well over to the left of the picture and cut off short by its edge. The swan, seen in the immediate foreground, is almost all serpentine neck. Beyond him Leda is recumbent on her side, compact and perfectly still and somehow colossal, a giantess fallen there, or a great rock. She is older than the desert and as fast asleep, and her awakening will be an earthquake. It is not so much the swan as she who is divine, goddess of some fertility-cult.

The size and strangeness of the drama that threatens to be enacted is conveyed above all by an effect of scale which depends upon the artist's use of the deep space, created by tone, of the Renaissance tradition, as against the shallow space, created by colour, of modern art. Now, I believe that Nolan's ability to give eloquence to this kind of space has always been his greatest asset. He has a way of saturating space with a wonderful luminosity and great intensity of feeling – feeling which is at one and the same time terror and longing, the promise of both loss and liberation.

In the last three years, however, Nolan has tended to shut out this deep, luminous space. No. 6 is the only one of the larger paintings in this exhibition which still has it, and I think this is the reason why it achieves a much closer relationship between his imaginative vision and his means of expression than any of the others. The others look more like modern art, where mass and space exist on the picture-surface, not behind it. Only, the Nolans don't really work like this: the canvas is not filled by an unbroken and coherent surface design. Rather is it that the dark empty areas are the surface and the forms are cut out of this – as in a stencil or a linoblock. What Nolan has substituted for his Renaissance type of space is not a modern space but one which relates to the Renaissance type as a photographic negative relates to a positive.

I don't know that there's anything wrong with this in principle, but there are reasons why it doesn't work here. The emphasis on the surface naturally calls attention to the paint itself, but the paint in these pictures is both unattractive and inert, especially in the empty areas, making for a particularly disappointing contrast with the unusually alive empty areas of the earlier paintings. Then the colour within the masses is luminous in the wrong way. It is like the colour of colour-transparencies, it has no substance, no density. So that light seems to come *through* the colour instead of *from* the colour.

The question is whether Nolan is losing his way or has gone off at a tangent in order to find something out for himself. The quality of many of the oil-sketches of figures as well as of No. 6 suggests that there hasn't been a decline of inspiration. But it won't be possible properly to evaluate this exhibition until we see the next or even the next but one.

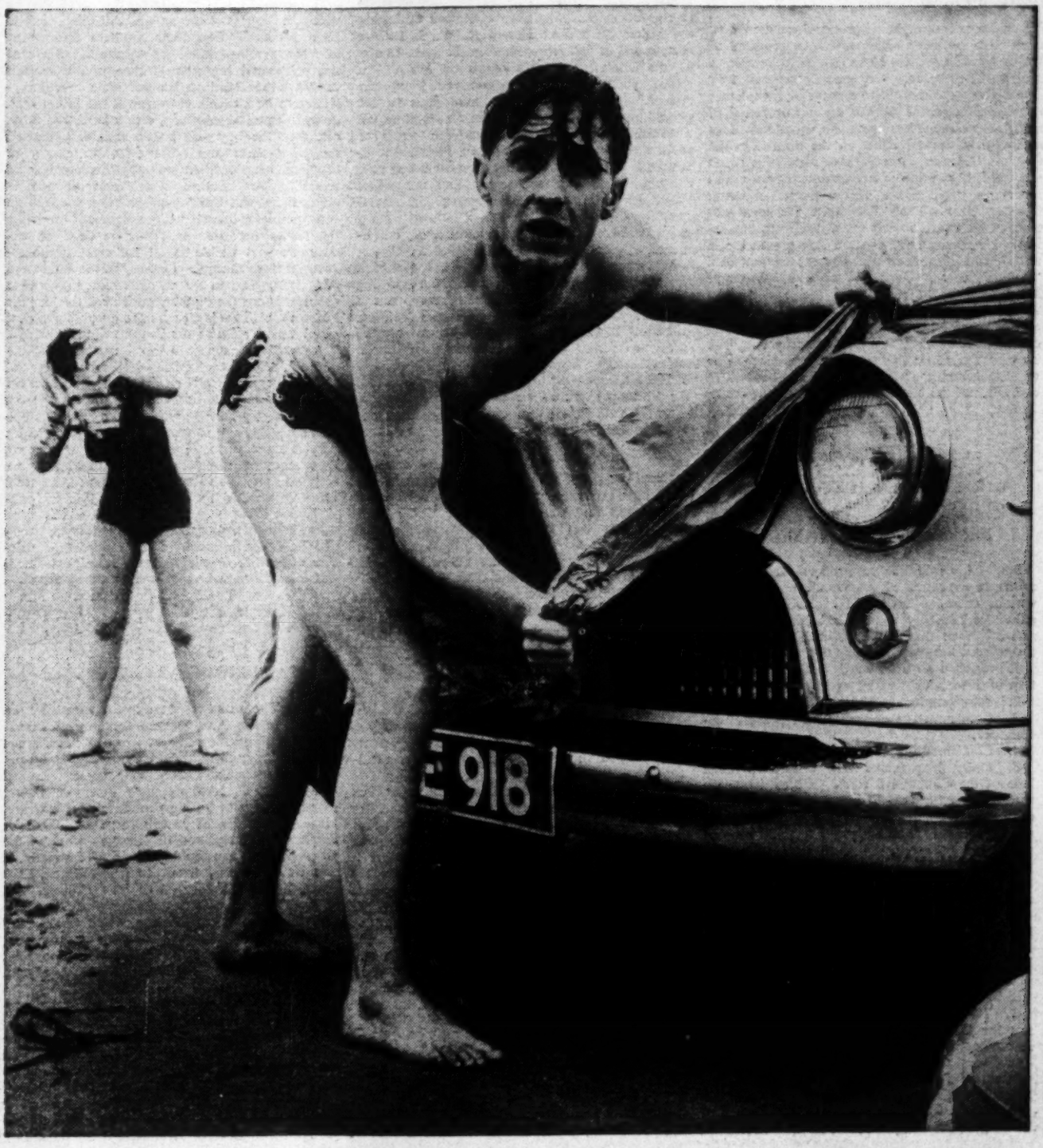
DAVID SYLVESTER

Lawrence De-Gutted

WHAT would be the most certain way to cripple a filming of *Sons and Lovers*? Put an American in the lead? That precisely is what has been done with the 20th Century-Fox version to be found at the Carlton.

That, despite this, the film should be respectable enough to have visited Cannes, and if not achieved triumph at least not incurred disgrace, proves that on its own level it has merits. But it doesn't excite, either in the good or the bad sense ('from the frank and passionate pages of D. H. Lawrence's masterpiece', urges the handout); it gets along moderately. Dean Stockwell is a good young actor, if not for this role. Quite apart from his Americanism, he's too mild and tame for any projection of Lawrence. Wendy Hiller plays the fort-holding mother, and Trevor Howard the miner father, drunkenly resentful. The two girls tugging him away from a fixation eased only by death are Heather Sears as Miriam and Mary Ure as Clara. They remain separate performances. They don't – and couldn't possibly – add up to the Nottinghamshire of Lawrence's youth. On the farm all that's ever done is to throw corn to the chickens and exclaim briefly about the painfulness of sex. The mine flings a disaster and is then forgotten. Nothing really convinces except the factory of surgical appliances. We can't help remembering how with thinner material *Kipps* made an incomparably better film. However, there is Trevor Howard's performance taken at moments as comedy; the dialogues under the pier and in the woods; the panic rush to the pithead; and the spare words attending Mrs Morel's deathbed. Don't blame the script writers: Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke, curiously in conjunction, so much as the casting and the direction of Jack Cardiff, which amounts to little more than relishing a good shot.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT



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AP 118

Otello, at Covent Garden

If an opera is to make its proper dramatic effect, more than ordinary acting ability is required of the singers. They must be so cast as to be able to project the characters they portray through their actual singing voices. With a work as complex in its musical style as *Otello*, an inconsistency of approach among the singers can sometimes have a strange, distorting effect on the drama. In the Covent Garden production the somewhat strangled, highly melodramatic but by no means ineffective performance of the Bulgarian tenor, Dimiter Uzanov, sets the style. He does not achieve his effect by any great ability to characterise his music; but he has a fine presence and an intensity of gesture which resembles that of a 'method' actor. Opposed to him, Giuseppe Taddei, as Iago, sings with the fluency and apparent ease of the greatest artist. He does not act, he sings – with all the variety of mood and colour demanded by this extraordinary part. The unfortunate result is that, by comparison with Otello, he seems a slightly ironic but benevolent courtier, not the black monster of his own Credo.

A.G.

Correspondence

IMMORAL REARMAMENT

SIR, – I would like to support Mr Driberg's excellent exposure of Buchmanism against his various critics. I have read carefully the MRA pamphlet *Ideology and Co-existence* which has recently been distributed at such vast expense throughout the world. In this pamphlet I found:

1. Much use of the word 'God', but no mention of Jesus Christ at all or his teachings.
2. Allusions to World War III having begun.
3. Condemnation of the idea of peaceful co-existence.
4. Condemnation of nuclear disarmament.
5. Every propaganda trick is used to foster hate of the Communist world, and to divide the world into two. Travel or trade with Russia is condemned. 'Thank God we have this force of moral rearmament that is the only thing between us and the Communist take over', says this pamphlet. 'Thank Heaven for a man like Adolf Hitler', said Frank Buchman in 1936, for just the same reason.
6. Much name dropping of leaders, Hans Koch, Gunter von Velsen, Adenauer, Prime Minister Kishi, Lord Salisbury, Schuman, etc. It is implied that all the top people are in the MRA movement.

From this I conclude that:

1. The god referred to in this pamphlet is not the Christian God at all. There is nothing in common between the god of the Buchmanites and Jesus Christ, who said 'Blessed are the peacemakers' and 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you'. The god of the Buchmanites is revealed as a primitive tribal war god or death god, Thor of the Teutons, or Moloch, but not Christ. No doubt the MRA group meetings have for the Buchmanites served a social and therapeutic purpose, but when their group loyalty is exploited as a political force to exterminate another group, then you have the ideology for Armageddon. This pamphlet in fact uses the word 'god' for political and authoritarian ends, and there is in it no evidence that Buchmanism is any part of Christianity.
2. Moral rearmament means material rearmament, especially nuclear armament, and eventually the actual waging of World War III in order to destroy Communism (and incidentally humanity).
3. MRA is one of the most immoral and basically evil and anti-religious movements in the world today. The movement whose leader praised Hitler, is not working for peace but for war, and it should be exposed as the ideology of neo-Nazism which it is.

FELIX BROWN

96 North Road, N6

SIR, – May I make an omnibus reply to some of the letters that you have published criticising my article on MRA? Canon K. W. S. Jardine accuses me of 'misrepresentation' because I refer to 'the Church Assembly report on MRA' – a report which was 'only "received"' by the Assembly. But this is surely analogous to the procedure by which Parliament 'takes note of' a White Paper or Royal Commission report: such a motion does not commit Parliament to approval or disapproval of the report taken note of, but it is absurd to suggest that the White Paper or report in question must not subsequently be referred to as what it is – an official paper, printed for, and by command of, Parliament.

Mr John Watson is hurt because I quoted a Scottish newspaper critic of his MRA-boosting interview on STV. Well, I am sorry, but I necessarily do most of my viewing in or near London; I assume that the opinion of the *Glasgow Herald* critic is reasonably objective; and I have, as it happens, got a tape recording of the interview which makes it clear to me that the criticism I quoted was mild indeed.

Sir Arnold Lunn, in a notably courteous letter which will not be entirely palatable to the Buchmanites, rebukes me for over-simplification. Does he not fall into the same error in his final paragraph? He has 'met scores of MRAs who have literally given *all* their savings to MRA', and finds this 'impressive'. Yes, indeed, but so may be the devotion of people who sacrifice all to any cause making total demands: it is the duty of non-oversimplifiers to analyse the purposes for which the sacrifice is made.

Mr R. G. Carpenter attacks me for 'fabricating . . . misrepresentations and insinuations', because I questioned the fervour of Archbishop Makarios' attachment to MRA. Mr Rossides, whom he quotes, is known as a Buchmanite, but Mr Carpenter should perhaps consult the Archbishop himself (and his other close advisers): I can assure him that when I showed them that flamboyant *MRA Pictorial*, in the Archbishop's suite at the Dorchester last winter, they seemed to be both embarrassed and disconcerted by it.

Meanwhile, I am glad to learn that Mr Coltart was *not* carrying out Mr Roy Thomson's wishes when he managed to keep an anti-Adenauer advertisement out of the Thomson newspapers. In reply to protests against the refusal of a South African Boycott advertisement by another Thomson newspaper, the Sheffield *Star*, Mr Thomson has stated that neither he nor the editor of the *Star* approved of this action. He adds: '. . . I operate all my newspapers on the basis that everyone should have equal rights in the columns of the papers, and I do not want any of my newspapers to be at all restrictive.'

TOM DRIBERG

House of Commons

HOMOSEXUALITY

SIR, – I am sure that no experienced psychiatrist will accept Mr Laurie-Beckett's contention that homosexuality is not a neurosis. The support he brings forward for his view – that of v. Krafft-Ebing, who worked some 70 years ago, before the idea of neurosis was properly formulated, is worthless. Kinsey never treated a homosexual in his life, and his views are merely those of a statistical biologist. In any case, for him to say that 'Homosexuality is an expression of capacities that are basic in the human animal', means nothing – it covers, amongst other things, criminality and insanity.

In 1937 I published a book on psychosexual diseases, based on considerable experience, in which I stated that homosexuality is a neurosis; and since then I have had further opportunities of seeing many cases. Nothing in that experience has caused me to alter my views. The very fact that homosexuality, in a certain number of cases, is curable, demonstrates that it is a neurosis. Successful cures have been published by London, Naftaly, Lilienstein, Laforgue, Stekel, Gordon, Serog, Frey, Bircher, Sumbaer, Hadfield, Ellis and others.

Homosexuality is caused by the conditions in which a boy is brought up. All boys mould their personality on their mothers during the first few years of life – up to about the age of six. A normal boy should then mould himself on his father (and so acquire male reactions – 'Learn to be a man'). However, if the father dies, or is an unsuitable person, a drunkard, too busy, etc. then the boy will go on moulding himself on his mother and so acquire an excess of feminine reactions. At puberty this emerges as sexuality, but because of his orientation it is directed towards the wrong sex. This mechanism – of moulding oneself on the mother rather than the father because the father is dead or undesirable – is visible in all the classical homosexuals, for example Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas. In the case of women, excessive moulding on the father produces the female homosexual. This is clear in the autobiographical novel *The Well of Loneliness* by Radcliffe Hall.

Naturally prison will not cure homosexual neurosis any more than any other neuroses and the unbiological isolation from the opposite sex tends to aggravate it. Those who suffer from homosexuality need psychiatric treatment. The only tragedy is that under the National Health Service there is too little provision for treating these cases and some clinics are unsuitable. There seems no provision for urgently needed research. Greater facilities for treatment and wider publicity that it can sometimes be cured would be of more help than to make it permissible in young people. Older, incurable cases, unless they interfere with other people, should not be prosecuted, but allowed to live as happily as they can.

CLIFFORD A LEN

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W1

CAMBRIDGE ARTS THEATRE

SIR, – The initial response to the appeal by the trustees of the Arts Theatre for an endowment fund in commemoration of Lord Keynes's services to his country and to Cambridge has been very encouraging. Letters have come from all over England, recalling with gratitude happy evenings spent in the theatre during the war and since. Donations of £1,000 from the Bank of England in recognition of Keynes's work at the Treasury and Bretton Woods, a like sum from the University and from the Arts Council, £500 from Trinity College, St John's College, and Clare College, and splendid support from the Provincial Insurance Company, with which Lord Keynes was associated (£5,000 gross under covenant and the same again when the fund reaches £50,000), all these have laid a firm foundation for the appeal's success.

Before appealing to the charitable trusts concerned with culture and education, the trustees asked some of the leading industrialists of the city and region to organise an appeal to all local firms and businesses to support the theatre as an essential factor in the happiness and education of the whole community of 'town and gown'. The result has been most heartening, and an encouraging number of firms have made donations, or entered into covenants. The trustees intend to invite one or more representatives of Cambridge industry to serve on the trust and advise on matters of policy and finance. Furthermore, it should be noted by those who contribute to the endowment fund, that the Arts Theatre Trust has the advantage of the wise and informed counsel in the matter of investment which is enjoyed by King's College.

We have made a good start, and it is the first step that counts. But we have a long way to go. Please give generously and please make the appeal known to any friends of the 'living' theatre, which is facing a grave crisis.

GEORGE RYLANDS
Chairman of Trustees.
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WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD

SIR, – I agree with Michael Ayrton (NS 28 May) that the questions raised in John Berger's article 'Only Connect' should be examined further, not so much in order to build a bridge between the two cultures, but to show that at bottom the two are really one.

I shall explain what I mean: There is always a dominant world picture which is universal in a given circle of culture, and in fact it largely determines that circle and delineates it. This is not a matter of an 'ideology', but is a picture of the universe. It explains the universe. The picture is made by theologian-philosophers or by scientist-philosophers. Or, during a fairly long period, by a combination of the two. The picture is composed of certain concepts, certain connecting ideas, and the vital fields of creation, in any period, are those whose work and thought connect up with these concepts.

It would be wrong to say that these connecting ideas *are* the world picture. Rather, they are like the key-word in a dream interpretation in psychoanalysis, attaching itself in different ways to apparently disconnected happenings.

Let us examine a few of the connecting ideas of today: (1) Space and time. (2) Symbols and abstraction. (3) Velocity. (4) Light. Mr Ziman will agree that these, old concepts in themselves, have never before been at the very basis of the world-picture as they are today.

(1) Space and time: Berger draws our attention to the fact that all the forms Picasso painted in Les Menines are simultaneously seen from more than one direction. We know how Picasso, in some of his pictures, sees a woman's face from three sides simultaneously. Now Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity states that two events may happen in such a way that *either* of them may be regarded as the earlier one. Yet by 1905 Einstein had seen no Picasso and we know that Picasso had not read the 1905 edition of the Year Book of Physics. Are we then dealing with a coincidence?

(2) Symbols and abstraction: There have, in the course of history, been many pictures of the universe. They were described by words, pictures and models. For the first time we now have a universe which by its very nature cannot be described by any model. It is described by the equations of quantum physics. Further: today the abstract language of mathematics is used to describe the behaviour of things without us even having to know what these things are. I hardly need insist on the parallels in other fields: abstract art, working with symbols and attempting to present a non-visualised truth: computers in factories doing exactly the same. Symbols and, as Mr Ziman says, symbols that operate on other symbols.

(3) Velocity: Never before has the concept of velocity been at the very basis of the physicist's picture of the universe. In the index of any modern book on physics 'Velocity' takes up half a page: velocity of electrons, increase of mass with velocity; contraction of length with velocity, the velocity of light. Is it a coincidence that never before has the concept of speed so captured our imagination? Do boys have to study modern physics to be so fascinated by the speed record of the latest plane? And why were people in the 18th century not similarly moved by speed, but rather by the idea of infinity (a dominant connecting-idea of that period)?

(4) Light: The nature of light has been investigated by thinkers for ages; but only in this century has it and its properties become a cornerstone of our knowledge of the universe. Light and radiation, the velocity of light, deflection of light in a gravitational field. Again, is our passion for light just a coincidence? Our buildings clad entirely with glass, our neon lights, our passion for transparency? We shall be told that it just happened that electric light was invented in our age, and photography too, and the means of polishing large sheets of glass: and that our passion for light stems from that. We shall always be told that, and the psychoanalyst will be told by his patient that he had thought of the bottom of a well, not that sort of bottom; just like Berger was told by Mr Ziman that his remark on light was surely just a pun, as light in painting is not light in physics.

I mentioned photography; it is probably our one really modern art (I include in it the cinema and television). Let us reverse the process and see where it connects:

(1) Space and time: In the cinema, for the first time in any art, the observer is whisked from point to point in space or in time, or both, in a manner which has its parallel only in the mechanism of dreams (discovered at about the same time) and which ignores the normal sequences in such a way that we can't help being reminded of relativity.

(2) Symbols and abstractions: The whole technique of cinema and television is full of symbols and abstractions as no art has ever been. The sound-track of a film; the electric impulses creating the TV image; the abstract, disembodied way in which this image is transmitted. A technique of art which consists of nothing but light is abstract.

(3) Velocity: One cannot but think of the tremendous speed of the impulses in cinema or TV, which is required to depict a beautiful girl very slowly turning round; and has an artist ever, like the photographer, worried about a three-hundredth of a second in connection with achieving an artistic result?

(4) Light: Photography, TV and the cinema are, in effect, nothing but light; lenses for focusing light, light meters and light projectors are its tools.

These are some of the connecting ideas of today. The parallels get more interesting when we deal with the *processes* of reasoning. To take one example: 'Straight reasoning' is (or was) a development in a straight line of a train of research or thought, starting from a basis or an assumed basis. This process was, theoretically, infinite, i.e. it *could* go on until we knew all.

Today, the process is not infinite. It is not a straight line that defines the thought but a pattern. (Mr Ziman reminded us of this.) 'Straight thinking' was built on classical causality, but nowadays the 'causality' is the *Truth within the Pattern*. It is there, like the analyst's truth is. If it 'works' within itself, it shows truth, but not infinite or ultimate truth (we know that we can't know that, as we know of a limit of possible observation), but rather like 'I'm in love because I'm happy because I'm in love . . .' That is enough, a pattern of sighs and laws, a closed circle, 'finite yet boundless'.

The dominance of certain connecting ideas or key words can be found in various periods, these ideas always being at the basis of the conception that period has of the structure of the universe. These ideas are clearly not just taken over by artists and others from those who constructed their contemporary universe, but both were dominated by these connecting ideas simultaneously.

Therefore it could be said that each significant work of art is, unconsciously, a *picture* of the contemporary world picture.

G. EPSTEIN

THE TOLEDO TELEPHONE

SIR, – In the spring of 1958 I reviewed in your columns Mr Herbert Mathews' *Yoke and the Arrows*, about contemporary Spain. Mr Mathews threw doubt on the celebrated story of the Alcázar at Toledo in the Spanish Civil War. In particular he alleged that since the telephone wires between the Alcázar and the rest of Toledo were cut, the besieged General Moscardó could not have been rung up by the Republican militia leader and threatened with the execution of his son if the Alcázar were not surrendered within ten minutes. In my review, I accepted Mr Mathews' doubts. However, now, after exhaustive research, including conversations with eye witnesses, I have come to the conclusion that I was wrong to have done this. It is clear to me that the telephone conversation did occur. I wish therefore to offer my profound apologies to the surviving members of General Moscardó's family, including above all his widow Dona Maria Moscardó.

HUGH THOMAS

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T. F. POWYS

SIR, – The trouble with Mr Allen as a critic is that he doesn't know a great writer when he reads one. His account of T. F. Powys simply won't do. Even taken, charitably, as something more than a rationalization of prejudice, it isn't very impressive. Most of his objections really spring from an inadequate sense of the nature of literary convention. 'Sophisticatedly contrived bucolic morality' seems to Mr Allen 'a fair description of the great bulk of Powys's work'. It seems to me a pretty cheap description of Powys's subtle and flexible stylization. It is a pity that Mr Allen should see fit to endorse a failure to respond even more signal than his own. There must be many beside Mr Coombes for whom a reading of a Powys novel has nothing in common with the vulgarities of Dylan Thomas.

As for the 'horrors': the piece Mr Allen quotes can't be called indulgent or over-written – indeed, it is remarkable for its (characteristic) restraint. Certainly there is a lot of violent and unpleasant behaviour in Powys: but what about that other sophisticatedly contrived morality, *King Lear*, with its madness and malevolence and eye-gouging and hanging? The truth is that there is nothing morbid about Powys any more than about Shakespeare: simply, he was so distressed by the idea of cruelty that he could not forget it. It is a very eccentric account of him that can castigate the horrors and omit all mention of the intelligence and humour, the generous and compassionate humanity.

Powys has plenty of faults: an occasional archness is among them, though sophistication, sadism and dirty-mindedness (I find it hard to believe that Mr Allen knows what 'prurience' means) are not. He may not be the greatest sort of creative writer: but his work deserves a more informed and intelligent attention than Mr Allen seems willing, or able, to offer.

J. D. KIMBER

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ZAZIE

SIR, – I write to rail against Mr V. S. Naipaul for his review of Raymond Quenuau's *Zazie*. Barbara Wright's translation must be appallingly bad or Mr Naipaul's insight and discrimination not what we hoped they were. *Zazie* is terrific; in the original anyway. As a commentary on French (particularly Parisian) character and mores it bids fair to vie with *Candide;* the wide-eyed, unshockable Zazie is as far removed from whimsy and nauseating cherubs as is Holden Caulfield, in her discovery of countless facets of the city scene. Linguistically, the book is sheer delight. Mr Queneau has been playing about with the French language – and shattering the great booby – for years, and the French have gradually learned to like the leg-pulling. Just because the puns and craziness don't come over well in translation (it is difficult to see how they could), Mr Naipaul shouldn't scoff: he should consult the version.

NORMA PERRY

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MISPRINT

SIR, – A typographical error and the resulting disappearance of a line in my letter of last week, made nonsense of one paragraph. I was made to say 'in practice therefore Labour governments have been subject to a one-man tyranny of the party leader.' I had in fact written: 'in practice Labour governments have no more been subject to dictation by their party conference than Conservative governments have been subject to a one-man tyranny of the party leader.'

ROBERT MCKENZIE

The Homosexual and the Law

Ahead of Public Opinion?

In June 1957, the 13 surviving members of the Departmental Committee on Homosexual Offences and Prostitution signed a report which, with certain individual reservations, was unanimous. The most important of these reservations, in the present context, was that of Mr Adair, who dissented from the recommendation of the rest of the Committee that homosexual acts between consenting adult males in private should be taken out of the criminal law. I have no wish to minimise the weight of the body of opinion which Mr Adair's views represent. But regard for it (and him) should not obscure the fact that his voice was one among 13. In short, it might be said that out of 13 reasonably intelligent people (if my colleagues will forgive me) who began with open minds and spent a fair amount of time assessing the best available evidence, 12 came to the conclusion that the law ought to be changed.

The reception of the report, by press and public, was remarkably responsible. Inevitably, there were the jokes; nobody could seriously object to that. But at a deeper level there was abundant evidence of a serious and concerned interest in what the Committee had proposed. Inevitably, also, there was controversy, with a good deal of heat on both sides; and nobody could object to that either, on a matter of quite considerable public and private importance.

Gradually two main lines of criticism, in relation to this particular recommendation, began to crystallise. The first was straightforward disapproval and opposition, along the lines of Mr Adair's dissent. The second was that we were 'way out ahead of public opinion'. This form of words, frequently used by the critics, is itself interesting and illuminating. We were not accused of being in conflict with public opinion, or of leading public opinion off in a wrong direction. We were simply in advance of it. And if that means anything it must imply two things, first, that public opinion will one day catch up, and, secondly, that it is desirable that it should.

This whole issue of public opinion is clearly of the first importance, for it lies near the root of legislation in any democratic society. In this present context of homosexual offences it may be relevant to raise three questions.

First, is it unreasonable to claim that the Committee itself represented public opinion? If the claim may be made, two important qualifications must be added. We were not experts; but we did take the trouble to inform ourselves, as comprehensively as time allowed. And we did try to look at this very controversial subject as dispassionately and objectively as we could. So if we were being public opinion, we were probably, from the nature of our obligation, better-informed and perhaps less prejudiced than a random dozen ordinary men and women.

Some have said that it is wrong to try to ignore the deep feelings of distaste and repugnance which these forms of behaviour arouse in 'the ordinary citizen', and that therefore this dispassionate approach is unrealistic. Maybe: but I find it hard to believe that the subjective distaste which I or anybody else may feel at a certain form of behaviour is a safe criterion for legislation. Lots of people behave in ways which I find distasteful and repugnant: but I cannot believe that that is in itself a good reason for sending them to prison. Is that what we mean by public opinion?

The second question is this. How far ought legislation to wait on public opinion? Of course it is true, and unquestioned, that if public opinion is wholly out of sympathy with legislation particular laws will be broken and the whole body of the law will be brought into contempt. The hackneyed example of prohibition in the US is still relevant. But this is hardly the same thing as saying that no government should ever bring in any social legislation until every voter, intelligent or unintelligent, well-informed or ignorant, has in advance been converted to its desirability.

I have been asked countless times if I am not disappointed that no legislation has yet resulted from this recommendation of the Committee. I have always replied (and still would): 'I entirely see the difficulty in which any government, of any party, must be in such a situation. A government inevitably has to have an eye to other things than the sheer desirability of a legislative change. It has to assess the probable degree of popular support for what it intends. It has to have an eye to votes at elections. And if you think that that is unfortunate, then you have to be careful that you do not, in expressing that view, cut at the roots of democratic popular government. I hope that before long the government—and I do not think that it makes any difference which party is in power—will feel satisfied that there is enough of enlightened and informed opinion behind it to make legislative action not only justifiable but for its own credit desirable.'

That leads to the third question. How much public opinion is there, at the present time, behind the Committee's recommendation? This is, obviously, hard to assess: but I would think that there is far more now than there was three years ago. I believe that the fact of our having reported, and reported in the sense in which we did, has helped to create a more informed public opinion than existed before. We had very much in mind, in writing the report, that besides carrying out our duty to two Secretaries of State we should also produce a document which any intelligent member of the public could read.

My own impression is that simply by bringing this whole field of conduct out into the daylight of public discussion a real impact has been made. Of course there will be differences of opinion about what is the right thing to do, and of course there will be some who think that to alter the law will be to alter the nation's whole future – for the worse. We did not think so, after some considerable study.

One last word. To urge a change in the law is not necessarily to approve or endorse homosexual behaviour. I do not approve of fornication or adultery. But that does not mean that I want legislation to send all fornicators and adulterers to prison. I believe that this sort of distinction is increasingly being made; and I am quite sure that sooner or later the recommendation we made will be carried out, by one government or another. The urgent question is how soon public opinion will catch up to what was said three years ago to be 'way out in front' of it.

J. F. Wolfenden

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The Time for Decision

NEARLY three years have elapsed since the Wolfenden Committee on Homosexual Offences and Prostitution, appointed in 1954 by the present Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir, presented their report. Most of the Committee's recommendations on prostitution found favour with the government and were translated into law with some celerity. Mr Butler has shown less enthusiasm for those on homosexuality. He has taken up a somewhat neutral position, defending his failure to take action by reference to the state of public opinion. To introduce new legislation would be premature, he tells us; education and time are needed to bring people along to understand the Committee's point of view. So far the House of Commons has not had an opportunity of expressing a view on the proposals; the report as a whole was debated in November 1958, but no vote was taken. The House will, however, be enabled to register its opinion on the homosexuality recommendations next week.

There are almost as many misconceptions about the Wolfenden proposals as about the subject of homosexuality itself. The Committee do not recommend that all homosexual acts should be legalised. In fact they propose a stiffening of the penalties for homosexual offences against young persons. They suggest no change in the laws governing public decency. Admittedly their main recommendation, put forward with only a single dissentient voice in a committee of 13, does contain an element of controversy. In proposing that 'homosexual behaviour between consenting adults in private be no longer a criminal offence', the Committee were careful to define with some precision the words 'consent', 'private', and 'adult'. An adult, for this purpose, should be over the age of 21.

It may be useful to recall the way in which such homosexual acts, apart from 'the abominable crime of buggery' which has been a statutory offence since the 16th century, became criminal offences in Britain. It occurred almost by accident, through the notorious Labouchère amendment. Henry Labouchère, one of the more assiduous MPs of his day, appears to have been in the habit of moving amendments of substance to nearly every measure that came before parliament. The Criminal Law Amendment Bill of 1885, to provide for 'the protection of women and girls, and the suppression of brothels', had passed through the House of Lords and reached the Report Stage in the Commons. At this last moment Mr Labouchère tabled his new clause which had the effect, apparently far beyond what he himself intended, of making all sexual acts between males illegal.

A procedural argument followed as to whether such a clause could be in order in a bill designed for a totally different purpose. The Speaker ruled that anything could be introduced by leave of the House, and the clause was adopted without any discussion as to its substance. At least one can say that it would be impossible today for parliament to create a new statutory offence of such a far-reaching nature in so casual a fashion.

It is sometimes assumed that all advanced countries today adopt much the same legal attitude towards homosexuality. In fact, of the principal countries of western Europe, only the Federal German Republic and Austria follow our example. In Norway, private homosexual acts between consenting adults may be prosecuted, but only if prosecution is deemed necessary in the public interest. Adoption of the Wolfenden recommendations would bring this country into line with France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, Spain and Greece.

Most societies tend to show suspicion, if not hostility, towards the deviant in their midst, whether his deviation be racial, political, religious or sexual. Is it our insularity, or our puritan tradition, that makes us more conformist in matters of sex and less tolerant of sexual deviation? There have been, at different periods of history and among different communities, fantastic divergences in public attitudes towards homosexuality, varying from complete tolerance, and even ritual practice, to outright condemnation.

Fiercest of all were the Incas, who visited vengeance not only upon the offender but upon his family, his home and his property. The Jews of the Old Testament approved the death penalty for sodomy. In classical Greece, on the other hand, homosexual love was regarded as the noblest of passions and the mainspring of physical courage. But the Greeks appear to have approved neither promiscuity between males nor homosexual acts as such, and they took rigorous measures to protect young males from seduction by their elders. The attitude of the Trobriand Islanders, according to Malinowski, is not dissimilar. Margaret Mead records that the Manus of New Guinea look upon homosexual acts with amused indifference, while, according to Tom Harrisson, another Pacific tribe, the Big Nambas, practise institutionalised homosexuality. The list of variant attitudes is endless and there appear to be no general conclusions that can be drawn as to the factors determining either tolerance or condemnation.

It is now generally accepted that homosexuality has existed in all human races and cultures. Widely differing estimates have been made of the extent of the problem in Britain and in the western world generally. One difficulty is that of definition. If one accepts the concept of a spectrum of sexual behaviour and orientation – what the psychologists call 'the homosexual-heterosexual continuum' – there is evidence to suggest that the proportion of those who are exclusively heterosexual is a good deal less than is generally assumed, and that partial homosexuals are more numerous than those who are exclusively homosexual. Some are barely conscious of their deviation. Others succeed in repressing their desires, often to the point of severe neurosis. Men who are normally heterosexual frequently indulge in homosexual practices while confined within an all-male environment, such as a prisoner-of-war camp, a public school or a prison. Indeed it has been said that to imprison a practising homosexual is like confining an alcoholic in a brewery.

All these gradations of behaviour make a quantitative assessment of the problem difficult, and the Wolfenden Committee resisted the temptation to guess at one. They quote one research study of a random selection of 100 English undergraduates, which revealed that 30 of them had had homosexual trends at some time, of whom five retained them over the age of 20. The most generally accepted estimate is that one in 20 or 25 of the male population is or has been a practising homosexual. Dr Kinsey's survey of the American male, which is gathering increasing respect as a piece of objective research, places the proportion substantially higher. The law is therefore concerned with a sizeable minority, but one which no evidence suggests is increasing.

It is often believed that homosexuality is limited in the main to certain professional groups or social classes. The Wolfenden Committee found on the evidence before it 'that it exists among all callings and at all levels of society; and that among homosexuals will be found not only those possessing a high degree of intelligence, but also the dullest oafs'. They added a rider that it was not unnatural for those who feel themselves to be society's misfits to gravitate towards occupations offering an atmosphere of tolerance and understanding.

So far as we know, homosexuals follow no

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common pattern, physical, biological, social or psychological. As Dr West puts it in his excellent short survey of the subject*: 'Seemingly anyone can develop homosexuality given the right conditions, but the causes will differ from one case to the next. A mentally defective criminal and a musical genius may both be homosexual, but their characters and the influences that have moulded them will be radically different'. There is a clear need, as the Wolfenden report proposes, for systematic research into the aetiology of homosexuality.

To many people homosexuality is simply a disgusting perversion, practised by a depraved and happily tiny minority, and properly subject to the most drastic penal sanctions. They genuinely believe that the moral health of the nation depends upon its being ruthlessly suppressed and, if possible, stamped out. They are unlikely to listen to the carefully balanced arguments of the Wolfenden Committee. To others it is a disease which should be medically treated, by compulsion if necessary.

The Committee examined in some detail the disease-theory before rejecting it outright. If it is not a disease, then medical treatment in the normally accepted sense is hardly appropriate. Many homosexuals have no wish to change their proclivities and thus would be totally resistant to any form of treatment, compulsory or otherwise. Others are so beset by feelings of guilt and shame that they wish desperately to become heterosexual.

What can the psychiatrist do for such men? Individual or group psychotherapy can be of some help to them, and can occasionally effect some degree of reorientation. More often the best the psychiatrist can do is to help the homosexual to adjust himself to and learn to live with his condition rather than struggle vainly against it. Sometimes it is possible, with the man's consent, to reduce or even eliminate sexual desire by means of oestrogen treatment. Incredibly, there is a total ban, which the Committee wish to see removed, on the use of oestrogens in English prisons, even when the prisoner expressly desires such treatment.

What effect does the law itself, with its constant threat of penal sanctions, have upon the homosexual? How far does it tend to exaggerate a problem which may represent, intrinsically, a lesser danger to society than others which the law ignores? To stigmatize a minority group as criminals undoubtedly creates a sense of isolation, and isolation breeds coteries. Yet the existence of these coteries, formed in collective self-defence against what they regard as persecution by an intolerant society, is often used to justify the law itself.

The threat of imprisonment hanging over every homosexual must intensify the sense of guilt and shame which psychiatrists, clergymen and others find so common among those who seek their help. Such feelings can and do lead to suicide, even in cases where no criminal proceedings are pending and no exposure threatened. One recent case, that of a 17-year-old boy awaiting trial on a homosexual charge who hanged himself in his cell, prompted the judge to observe: 'In a decent world an adolescent would not be prosecuted on a criminal charge arising out of a sexual offence. He would be handed over to some intelligent, sympathetic person who would help him out of his difficulties.' In a research study of a group of suicides and attempted suicides selected at random, a homosexual element was discovered in half of them.

Press reporting of homosexual prosecutions, especially of persons known to the public, serves not only to keep the topic in the public mind but also to invest it with an air of unhealthy sensationalism. It has even been stated, not without evidence, that certain types of person, ambivalent perhaps in their sexual orientation, are drawn into homosexual activities for the very reason that these are criminal. Certainly, few supporters of the present law would claim that it operates as an effective deterrent. One of its most unsatisfactory features lies in the unrivalled opportunities it affords the blackmailer. One partner in a private homosexual act is an easy victim, should the other decide upon blackmail.

Earl Jowitt once estimated, from his experience as Attorney-General, that in nearly 90 per cent of blackmail cases the victim had been guilty of homosexual practices with an adult. The Wolfenden Committee found that in a four-year period 32 out of 71 blackmail cases reported to the police were connected with homosexual activities. Denouncing the blackmailer to the police may afford no protection to the victim. The report cites a case where both parties received the same prison sentence for their homosexual offences, whereas on the advice of the Director of Public Prosecutions no charge of extortion was preferred against the one who had resorted to blackmail.

Equally unsatisfactory is the incidence of the law as between different police areas and between different courts. The zeal displayed by the police in bringing cases before the court appears to vary considerably in different parts of the country. The outcome of a homosexual charge and the nature of the sentence seem to depend to an alarming extent upon the attitude of the judge towards this particular type of offence. For example, a few years ago a constituent of mine, aged 21 and on the threshold of a promising professional career, was sentenced as a first offender to four years' imprisonment for homosexual acts with a man much older than himself, who incidentally received a lighter sentence.

On the other hand, a judge remarked last year, discharging 13 men who had admitted gross indecency together: 'If anyone thinks that any punishment is due to you for what you have brought on your own head by these lapses of personal morality, they are welcome to their opinion; but I do not share it'. A law which operates so capriciously in relation to a criminal offence which, by its private nature, is usually undetectable can hardly command the respect of the public.

The case for reform is a powerful one. It has the support of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Church Assembly, the Methodist Conference, and of the committee set up by the Roman Catholic Church to examine the problem. Broadly speaking, the churches take the view that homosexuality is a matter of morals and not of law, a sin perhaps but not in itself a crime. Editorial opinion has been predominantly in favour of reform, and in the Oxford and Cambridge Unions the Wolfenden proposals received overwhelming support. Is public opinion so hostile as Mr Butler fears?

If reform is to be resisted, the government must try to justify the interference of the law in the private acts of responsible citizens where no public interest is involved. Whatever the state of mass opinion, how long must the law continue to reflect irrational prejudice and the primitive urge to punish the sexual deviant? The fundamental argument could hardly be better put than in the words of the Wolfenden Committee, in the preamble to their main recommendation.

> Unless a deliberate attempt is to be made by society, acting through the agency of the law, to equate the sphere of crime with that of sin, there must remain a realm of private morality and immorality which is, in brief and crude terms, not the law's business. To say this is not to condone or encourage private immorality. On the contrary, to emphasise the personal and private nature of moral or immoral conduct is to emphasis the personal and private responsibility of the individual for his own actions, and that is a responsibility which a mature agent can properly be expected to carry for himself without the threat of punishment from the law.

In the final analysis a society is civilised to the extent that it is tolerant. It is in the treatment of the awkward minority group that tolerance finds its yardstick.

KENNETH ROBINSON

* *Homosexuality*. By D. J. WEST. *Penguin*.

The Strike

The Problem for the Police

You sometimes hear it said that the local police 'discretion to prosecute' is a bad thing in itself, the implication being that the Nelson eye should be operated only by the Man in Whitehall. A moment's consideration of the alternative disposes of this. All policemen would have to work under some punitive sanction for letting offenders off (as they used to do under the Vagrancy Act, 1824), and we should need a kind of SS organisation to catch them doing it. Some writers on the Common Law describe the police discretion as a part of the constitution itself, the constitution thus being tacitly expanded to include the policeman who is tired, not feeling well, unable to recognise a crime when he sees one, or just about to go off duty. For one reason or another most sensible people approve, however grudgingly, the role of the police as a rough-and-ready 'court of first instance'.

In some respects, a pretty sensible policy has filtered down from the office of the Director of Public Prosecutions. In bigamy cases, which vary from a technical device making three people happier to a heartless imposture scarcely distinguishable from rape, there will be no prosecution where a good home would be broken up without benefit to the community. The same is true of many 'age of consent' cases, involving girls under 16, where a prosecution (likely enough, anyway, to fail) and its consequent publicity would do more harm than good. The Director has even allowed it to be known, through an authoritative article in the *Criminal Law Review*, that doctors have nothing to fear in genuine (though extra-legal) cases of therapeutic abortion intended to save life or health.

In the case of private homosexual offences, involving only adults, nothing like this seems to have happened. The variations in police practice from county to county, from town to town, suggest that the Wolfenden Report has inspired no Home Office 'advisory' letter to chief constables (by which uniformity can usually be approached), and no indication from the Director of Public Prosecutions that, for example, considerations of public decency and the protection of minors might now be considered paramount. It has to be admitted that there are probably a few chief constables to whom this would come as an unpleasant reminder that homosexuality goes on at all, stirring them to indignant action where they would otherwise have been inert, and a few more who enjoy doing what the DPP asks them not to do by way of showing that he can't stop them. But here are the ascertained views of four chief constables, three of them nameless; the fourth openly self-committed.

A: 'I'm making no public declaration about this, but in practice I'm authorising prosecution only where young people are involved with men, or where public decency is outraged.'

B: 'While the Sexual Offences Act, 1956, stands as it is, the law will be enforced in this county. It consolidates the law on sex offenders, and parliament enacted it after the Wolfenden Committee was appointed.'

C: 'We take proceedings where there is some factor, such as corruption of youth' (by youth he means people under 19, but is more likely to prosecute where the other party is considerably older), 'public decency, or multiplicity of offences, which makes it quite obvious that proceedings should be taken.'

Lastly, Captain Athelstan Popkess, who was Chief Constable of Nottingham when, in April 1954, he wrote in a special number of the *Practitioner*, 'Sex and its Problems':

> Homosexuality is beginning to eat into the very vitals of the nation like a cancer. The public would be horrified if they knew its extent, and it is on the increase . . . And no wonder, when we read in the public press that a body styling itself 'The Progressive League' has expressed the view that, while recognising the need to protect minors, it nevertheless calls for an amendment to the law so that homosexual practices shall not constitute a legal offence . . . In which direction do they suggest we should 'progress' if we legalised practices from which even they agree minors should be protected? The police know only too well the evils that would flow from such 'progress'.

There is no need to analyse this emotional nonsense, which, you will notice, falls apart as you look at it. But it is important to recognise that Captain Popkess was a very good chief constable, was elected to representative office by his colleagues in other cities and boroughs, was invited by the *Practitioner* to put a police point of view about homosexuals, and was a strong enough personality to have a considerable following.

No other offence compares with the homosexual offences for 'snowballing'. Chief Constable C said: 'It starts off usually with a public decency case, and because the offenders are "soft" they make statements implicating other people. These people in turn implicate more people, and before you know where you are half the county seems to be involved. Very ofter these later cases are committed in private by consenting males. Normally in these cases I caution the offenders and just go for the original offence'. My impression is that many other chief constables do the same; but not all: some quite recent reports collected by the Homosexual Law Reform Society show a mixture of appalling cruelty, wooden indifference to suffering and abysmal lack of policemanly confidence.

It is surprising, therefore, to see Mr W. T. Wells QC, who was a member of the Wolfenden Committee, arguing in the current *Oxford Lawyer* that the *most* effectual action that could be taken in the next few years is to pursue yet more researches into 'the aetiology of homosexuality and the effects of various forms of treatment'. Surely the search for 'causes' is no longer of this order of importance, and surely you don't 'treat' homosexuality any more than left-handedness or colour-blindness? It has become a function of 'research' to cover the evasion of delicate problems. At the present time the most effectual action, short of killing off the absurd Labouchère provision, would be to ensure uniformity of police practice.

The same might be done in relation to the use of *agents provocateurs* in the public decency cases (which no-one wants to compound). This is a justly pejorative name for young police decoys, whose squalid hunting ground is the public urinal. (If anyone, by the way, believes that this is an enjoyable job, he ought to believe also that it is nice to take mangled bodies from street accidents to the mortuary or collect a successful suicide from a Tube station.) The *agent provocateur*, for whom we won't even have an English name, is little use in the county forces, the urinal having little place in our bucolic architecture. In towns, he is the product of public com-

Rab on a Hot Tin Roof

plaints to the police about specific places, complaints about which something has to be done.

In general, the *agent provocateur* is publicly hated only when the offence he shares or provokes is publicly condoned (a good instance being the Shops Act inspector buying a packet of tea after hours). Where we hate the offence, such as a series of violent assaults on women and girls, we applaud the woman police officer who puts on a pretty frock, acts as a decoy, and gets badly hurt before the man is arrested. I should have thought it apparent that the time had now come to discontinue this miserable stratagem in importuning cases, rather than go on denying that it exists. If the importuning is as difficult to detect as all that, it can't matter much to 'public decency'.

Juries, as ever, hold a key to this problem. I was told the other day, by a man who is about as homosexual as my typewriter, that on a jury he would *never* agree to the conviction of a man for a private homosexual act with an adult, or even for importuning. He is not alone in this. But encouraging jurors takes even longer, as a rule, than overcoming the lethargy of governments, and the House of Commons has a chance next Wednesday to lift a great weight of misery from the lives of a very large number of useful citizens.

C. H. ROLPH

The Spurious Problem

WHAT on earth is the law doing in this homosexual galley anyway? I mean now, in 1960? Given that we have laws to protect children, sex immaterial, from sexual assault or suasion by adults, what the devil does it matter to the captains, kings and judges of the community whether I, being adult, fall in love or lust with women, men or sewing-machines?

I know about the historical background of the law which makes homosexual conduct a crime. But have we not, in other fields, emancipated our law from much of the influence of the ancient Hebrew code, and from even later origins? So far as I know, I cannot be fined for not attending church on Sunday; nor for failing to practise shooting with long bow and arrows after Mass.

If this seems a frivolous attitude to a serious problem, it is because the said seriousness seems to be entirely bogus. There *is* no problem, except in so far as one is created and daily recreated by the ridiculous law; and in so far as that law is supported by an old and irrational prejudice.

Lin Yutang somewhere records that the eating of cheese was regarded by the Chinese as a disgusting and degrading habit. For all I know, the ignorant and unlettered, the neurotic and psychotic and the ultra-conservative among the Chinese, still feel this prejudice. If there were a law on the Chinese statute book against eating cheese, then there would be a cheese-eating 'problem', neither more nor less 'serious' than our homosexuality problem, and just as boring. Turned, by the existence of a law which would seem to give the irrational prejudices of cheese-haters respectability, cheese-eaters would gang up for mutual protection and the indulgence of their taste for cheese. They would become recognizable by the special manners which develop among outcasts of all kinds. Like Jews, Negroes in white communities, women everywhere until the last half century, and all such despised groups, the weakest cheese-eaters would become cunning, devious and treacherous in self-defence.

Some cheese-eaters would be people with a biological need for cheese in their diet; in others, the need would be psychological. Adventurous and ill-adjusted cheese-eaters would take to cheese-eating, even against their natural tastes, in order to flout society. At a certain stage in the development of Chinese society, cheese-eating would have become rather smart, the elegant thing to do. And gay and exquisite cheese-eaters, wits and *beaux* to a man, would look upon the cheese-hating majority as coarse brutes, *all* of whose laws were as contemptible as the one against cheese.

Now suppose the law repealed, the state's long and inquisitive nose withdrawn from the dinner-plates of its component members. Then the citizen with a biological tropism for cheese would eat it in peace; the citizen whose tropism was psychological would either continue to indulge his fad or have himself treated by a psychological doctor; and the rest would turn to other affectations, when neither a desire to be different, delinquent, fashionable or wicked attracted them to cheese-eating.

Almost as much responsible as prejudice and law for kicking up an unnecessary fuss about 'queers' and helping to perpetuate the spurious 'problem', are the well-meaning who deprecate penal sanctions, but insist that the homosexual should have medical treatment to make him heterosexual – tantamount to suggesting that in white communities the colour-bar problem could be solved by bleaching the Negroes; and in Negro communities, by dying the whites black. I cannot help feeling that the advocates of these measures, while unable to face the fact that they are such blimps as to want to send homosexuals to prison, do, nevertheless, feel in their hearts that these eccentrics should be punished. Forced psychological treatment – and moral suasion by the evocation of shame is also a kind of force – is, simply, brain-washing.

Most youths, and I believe girls, of education, or perhaps I should say of a certain standard of sophistication, have, as is well-known, a homosexual phase. It is emotional, even sentimental, not physical, and it is even rather elevating and refining in its influence. It is homosexuality in the sense of Peyrefitte's (or was it Rostand's?)

> Ami, te souvient-il de ce soir éclatant
> Ou les fleurs du jardin s'étoilaient parmi l'ombre?
> Nous avions au tennis fait des parties sans nombre,
> Sveltes, dans nos costumes blancs . . . –

or in the sense of Tom Brown's relations with Arthur, for whom Tom's affection led him to be a nobler and more generous creature.

Now an argument for medical treatment of homosexuals put forward by even the most liberal-minded persons is that a man degrades himself by homosexual practices. If he does, and I have not noticed any degradation among my homosexual friends, it can only be because he is conscious of breaking the law, which may, in some sensitively law-abiding people, do psychological damage. There is no more reason why the sentimental state described above should develop into something degrading if the youth passes, when adult, into physical indulgence of homosexual tastes, than there is reason why the youth whose calf-love, so-called, is actually repelled by the idea of sexual intercourse with the girl of his dreams, should be degraded by subsequently changing his mind and taking her or another to bed.

I have another strong objection to this business of treating homosexuals as sick persons. Let us suppose for a moment that, despite the evidence, homosexual practice does degrade a man and that, moreover, homosexuals are unhappy. What business is that of ours, the community's? In this, as in many other matters, there is far too much of this officious nosey-parkering into the individual's management of his own life. We have neither a right nor a duty to protect adults against themselves. A man who does no harm to anyone but himself should have his own life entirely at his own disposal. He is responsible for himself to himself and, if he has a god, to that god. But not to us.

The argument that he is at least responsible to us for his share of the community's work is of no use whatever to the nosey-parkers, because even a casual and random list of contributions made to mankind's wealth by notorious homosexuals, especially in art and letters, must silence all but the most bitterly prejudiced. It is our business as a community to create the conditions for happiness: it is not our business to insist that the individual be happy according to certain fixed rules.

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which, as Shaw said, '. . . has no more right to call itself the state than the smoke of London has to call itself the weather', to behave as sensibly towards homosexuals as we do, the usual rule obtaining in parliamentary democracies will have to be followed. When, accordingly, we grab our leaders by their ears, which ought to be so much longer and more pointed, and drag them kicking and screaming from the past into the present, one of the aids they will appeal to in agonised or sanctimonious voices will be the very prejudice we have referred to above. One can almost see Mr Butler's subtle smile implying that, of course, you and I know better, but we cannot fail to take into account the great body of prejudice – he'll no doubt find a politician's word for it, though, from the lexicon of words guaranteed not to lose a vote.

Why must this prejudice be respected? It's not as if it were, in fact, respectable. It is as little relieved by thought as was the belief, universal until science in the person of Spalanzani demonstrated its absurdity, that you could get a swarm of bees by burying the carcase of an ox. When the kind of prejudice we are here discussing is respected by men who know better, it is a sign that the leadership has lost its nerve. For it is a fact that irrational laws, originally enacted on religious grounds, having operated on the minds of generation after generation, produce states of mind utterly inappropriate to the real importance of the subject. And it has always been, is, and will be, the proper business of the leadership, democracy or no democracy, to flout such prejudices when good sense and decent conduct require it.

I suppose that in the early days of the Mosaic dietary laws Jews refrained from pork simply because pork was illegal. But now, after hundreds of years, or is it thousands, the really orthodox, religious Jew has a reaction to the idea 'pork' which is of quite a different order. He has a genuine, almost physical, revulsion from what other people recognize as wholesome food. Since this idiosyncrasy is harmless, it can be respected. There is no need to persuade the Jew to eat pork. There would be, though, if he tried to insist that none of us eat it.

Since homesexual and onanistic play is observable among animals, it seems improbable that we are here dealing with an 'instinct'. I imagine that the fierce and often savage religious laws against these practices derived from the feeling that men should breed children as fast as possible and not seek to waste their substance in having fun in their own way.

Anciently small communities must have felt a passionate desire to be more numerous, and therefore safer and more firmly established. In short, the origins of such laws were, I suggest, economic. Heaven knows we have no more need of population. We breed like vermin and overrun the earth almost beyond the earth's power to support us. Soon, maybe, quite beyond that power. From the far-seeing economist's point of view, it might almost be wise to encourage homosexuality. But I do not seriously advocate trying to create a new anti-heterosexual prejudice.

Let us stop making this idiotic and childish fuss about the private lives of some among us; and by ridding ourselves of a law as relevant to our present condition as the rule against Sunday travelling, deflate the ludicrously bloated importance of a spurious problem over an insignificant matter of personal taste, which should not concern us, as a community, at all.

EDWARD HYAMS

A Minority

THIS is the report of a research into the life of the male homosexual in Great Britain*. It was carried out on behalf of the British Social Biology Council. As Sir John Wolfenden points out in his foreword, it is excellent within its deliberate limits. These are due to the sociological austerity with which it has been compiled.

The material consists mostly of answers to questions put to 127 self-confessed homosexuals. This is a small sample compared with the estimated total of three-quarters of a million homosexuals in Great Britain; but it is spread over a wide variety of classes and occupations and there seems no reason to suppose that it is not representative, even if some of the tabulated deductions may not be altogether relevant.

The strict sociologist approach often makes it difficult to see the wood for the trees, and the first impression which the book makes is a slightly confusing one. The frequent snatches of recorded dialogue and personal confessions are often extremely vivid and characterful, but they are nearly all short. There are almost no full length portraits or complete case histories. The effect is like reading the sound track of a documentary film. Naturally there are many curiosities, among them the story of the pick-up who 'said he'd give me his work [telephone] number but not to be frightened by what he was going to write down. It was WHItehall 1212.'

The questioning was thorough. A Kinsey report in miniature on the sexual practices of homosexuals is included. There is plenty of information, though few new or surprising facts emerge. One possibly less expected conclusion is that it is not possible to make a clear division between active and passive homosexuality. Among some of the important findings are the limited proportion of pædophiliacs among adult homosexuals so that 'the dangers of child molestation are small but not negligible.' Promiscuity was widespread among two-thirds of the sample, 19 per cent of whom had proselytising tendencies. Male prostitution seems to be a minor part of the problem. The general conclusion is on sane, humane Wolfenden lines. While, in Mr Westwood's words, 'many homosexual acts and attitudes are undesirable, present social and legal methods of dealing with the problems are irrational and tend to create more social evils than they remedy.'

A particularly interesting section is the one on attempts to combat homosexuality by homosexuals themselves. Homosexuality, in clinical psychological parlance, is a perversion which affords gratification and not a neurosis with distressing symptoms. This does not mean that homosexuals cannot also suffer from neurosis, but in many cases the homosexual does not wish to be cured of his condition and psychotherapy is often unlikely to be effective except in so far as it can help him to achieve social adaptation. Judging by some of the experiences recounted, the type of psychiatric treatment available can do harm.

The impression that a change in the law on the lines suggested in the Wolfenden Report would have the effect of raising rather than lowering the moral and ethical tone of the homosexual minority comes out very strongly from the findings of this research.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

**A Minority*. By GORDON WESTWOOD. *Longmans*. 30s.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Bored Barbarians

In the last decade Mr Anthony Powell was the first to revive the masculine traditions of English social comedy. He retrieved it on behalf of the upper classes. The joke that he is a Proust Englished by Wodehouse has something in it; in fact, the big influence was Aubrey, but where Aubrey had an almost fretful appetite for scandal and oddity, this was dignified, in Mr Powell's generation, as the belief in personal relationships. Other values, in the Twenties and Thirties, were in flux; one could become an anthropologist, a Malinowski of Mayfair, Bloomsbury and country-house life, and try to establish a culture pattern. I confess that I have got more out of Mr Powell's novels, as each one of them stands, than I have out of his ambition to fill out the social panorama during his period. I am not convinced that any pattern is emerging. It is enough that *A Question of Upbringing*, *The Acceptance World* and *A Buyer's Market* introduced a new kind of nerve, comic effrontery and invention. They caught and played with that ineradicable core of boredom that has been the resource as well as the blight of upper-class English life, a boredom produced by the inherited genius for ironing out feelings, and doggedly covering the loss with bouts of dottiness, alcohol, adultery and class-consciousness. Mr Powell's English are punishing and punished. Their comedy has no silken threads; the threads are tweed.

What are the characteristics of this masculine tradition in our comedy? It is intelligent rather than sensitive; it is prosaic rather than poetic; it is sane rather than extravagant. It is egocentric and not a little bullying. It has a manner, and that manner is ruthless and unkind. To stand up to the best manners of English society one has to be rude, exclusive and tough. One must be interested in behaviour, not in emotions; in the degree to which people hold their forts – and how much money the forts cost – not in what human beings are. The tradition begins with Fielding; it is there, minus the animal spirits, in Jane Austen. Its values are bound to the social class the writer belongs to – in Wells, for example, to the lower-middle class. Hard-headed, often gifted, snobbish – for the most part – appreciative of other people's disasters and evasive about their own, self-oppressed and taking it out in horseplay and libertinage, Mr Powell's characters are a sort of club. They can listen unexhausted to gossip about each other, but their faces become suddenly masked if an outsider comes up. Their privacy is phenomenal. Widmerpool, the go-getter and man of will – a considerable comic creation – is damned because people affect not to remember whether he comes from Northamptonshire, or is it Derby? Mr Powell's narrator really hounds him. Yet, of course, Widmerpool also hounds himself.

The world Mr Powell is describing is dull, incurious and barbarous, judged from the outside, but very funny to read about. It certainly defeats foreigners. But the people of high comedy *are* generally dull. (The characters of Henry James's *Portrait of a Lady*, for example, are barely conversible.) The question is, What has Mr Powell done with them? He has caught them at that historical point, when the upper classes went in for escapades into the world of art. The last volume, *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant**, has two musicians, three writers, a painter, a biography-writing peeress, a Left Wing peer turning intellectual, so that though we may find ourselves in a country house like Dogdene, a discarded first or second wife may drag us down to Earls Court or Pimlico. Mr Powell is excellent with the raffish. Some critics have objected to his sententious manner; but even if it is true that this is what happens to Proust if one drains off sensibility and makes him appropriate to clubs, I think the sententious irony succeeds. It is, after all, native and part of the tradition. It adds a very English flavour either of comic tautology or deflation.

> 'Shall we leave the gentlemen to their port?' said Mrs Widmerpool, when finally the subject had been picked bone dry.
>
> She mouthed the words 'gentlemen' and 'port' as if they might be facetiously disputable as strictly literal descriptions in either case.

That final 'in either case' is the devastating torpedo. Mr Powell may have got overfond of phrases like 'in his case' and all those 'unquestionablys', 'alternativelys', 'undoubtedlys' and 'if anythings', but in their forensic malice, they rub the salt in hard. (The narrator's desire to pass as the impartial norm conceals a fierce melancholy which I suppose to be Mr Powell's energising wound as an artist.) The habit of labouring a point may also at last add the macabre to the grotesque:

> A direct hit had excised even the ground floor, so that the basement was revealed as a sunken garden, or site of archaelogical excavations long abandoned, where great sprays of willowherb and ragwort flowered through the paving stones; only a few broken milk bottles and a laceless boot recalling contemporary life.

And the deliberate intellectualisation of an absurdity may become disturbing:

> The name Casanova's Chinese Restaurant offered one of those unequivocal blendings of disparate elements of the imagination which suggest a whole new state of mind or way of life.

The aim of Mr Powell's sententiousness is to appal by the judicious and, in a sense, his comedy is hysterical. There are several references, in the new novel, to a ghost train the narrator and his friends used to go on when they were young; and it is implied that their lives, in the Bohemian period he is describing, have been like this absurd and finally ghastly journey.

But these novels constitute a *roman fleuve*. The same characters reappear, with new wives, husbands, careers, fortunes and fates; they are connected intimately in their social set. They live in a whispering gallery, in a mocking music of echoes from the past. They astonish one another by their unpredictable actions and their new chummings-up. Who would have thought, in *At Lady Molly's*, that Widmerpool would fall for that brassy ex-VAD, Mrs Haycock? Or, in the new volume, that the grand Mrs Foxe would take up with a ballet dancer and shower him with presents? Here a difficulty arises. After the deep spate of their early flow, such novels run into shallows. What began as a panorama begins to sound like a gossip column. One noticed this in *At Lady Molly's;* in *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*, the habit of gossip has really set in and the central interest – the examination of two marriages – is not strong enough to stop it. One has the irritating impression that Jenkins, the narrator, has no other profession but to run about collecting the news; his stability has become fitful. The characters exchange too much hearsay. This is the danger with the *roman fleuve* when it lacks a strongly sustaining idea beyond the convenience of its own existence. I am not sure that the idea of the decadence of a class anecdotally viewed is strong enough. I think Mr Powell has now to guard against the risk that his characters will be so familiar and real to him that he will cease to make them important to us; that they will lose their true strength, *i.e.* that they are obsessive fictions. The constant difficulty of the novelist is to avoid the engaging demi-monde that lies between art and life. Hearsay enfeebles, if Aubrey's brief emblematic lives become Aubrey's long ones.

Against this natural drift Mr Powell puts his set comic scenes and uses, of course, his notable organising powers. But, in this last volume, there is only one of these comic set pieces strong enough to stand against the current. It must be said that this particular one is as good as any he has done; it is the scene in which the drunken Stringham mocks the nagging out of the tragic Maclintick's terrible wife, and is himself finally carried off by his old governess. It is marvellously observed and the tragic sequel is all the more forceful for it; one notices here how brilliantly Mr Powell arranges material that has become immense. He is very accomplished in pulling things up out of the past and planting them massively before us. I put this scene beside the earlier one in *At Lady Molly's* where the General, newly come to psychological studies, makes his absurd, slow-motion diagnosis of Widmerpool's sexual misfortune. Mr Powell is a master of such refracted comedy and that is where the sheer intelligence of the masculine school counts. Such things are far superior to his social commentary.

In praising Mr Powell for his hard-headed comedy, his mastery of burlesque and farce, I do not undervalue his serious reflections. He is not diffused by urbanity,

* *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*. By Anthony Powell. *Heinemann*. 16s.

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The Country Blues

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

He is melancholy, sane, experienced; there is no cynicism. His epigrams are withering but they do not utterly demolish. Their balance is as belligerent as their wit:

> He also lacked that subjective, ruthless love of presiding over other peoples' affairs which often makes basically heartless people adept at offering effective consolation.

He has a sense of proportion, yet he also has edge. It is an uncommon pair of gifts. When one speaks of his melancholy one is not describing a passive condition; one is speaking of a driving force. His almost geological utterances suggest that even Mayfair and Pimlico have their Egdon Heaths:

> Love had received one of those shattering jolts to which it is peculiarly vulnerable from extraneous circumstances.

A sentence like that could go on the title-page of *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*. It contains, down to the very word 'peculiarly', the undertones and overtones of this novelist, in whose work the human comedy is grimly engrained.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Shady Grove

To one who'd been my shady grove
Though long we'd quarrelled, parted,
As I walked the savage desert
Whose flowers gave out no perfume,
Among the red rust boulders
Not rain but wind had powdered
I wrote a fancied letter.

I set it down for her to read
Because she'd been my shady grove
Where times I'd lie in summer cool,
And times I'd lie in winter warm;
As I walked the savage desert
Where I'd toiled since long we parted,
I wrote this fancied letter:

'I could not hate you if I would,
My woodland bower, my shady grove,
I would not hate you if I could,
Nor be as those cold natured
Who stand a distance from their love,
And stand a distance from their hate,
Who parse them in, and parse them out,

And know love's death, but not rebirth,
And hate, but not prevent.
I would not hate you if I could,
My evergreen, my shady grove, –
But when we quarrelled hate I did,
And sought in scorn this desert
Where since I've dwelt my lone.

But who'd believe a desert
Could be so utter savage!'
The poet's chair a scorpion stone,
His living room the vulture's places,
And none to take a letter
To a Shady Grove far distant –
Christ knows what use to write it!

'But who'd believe a desert
So savage went forever?'
I wrote my letter on the sands,
And all across those red rust miles
The flowers gave out a perfume,
And a wind that powdered boulders
Came singing as on Arcady.

EWART MILNE

Ventures to the Interior

East African Explorers. Selected and Introduced by CHARLES RICHARDS and JAMES PLACE. *Oxford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

One way to read this latest addition to the World's Classics series of selections from the great journals of African exploration is as a straightforward saga of endurance and *sang-froid*. There was a good chance of dying of fever, and a virtual certainty of crippled health if one's stay on the mainland was at all prolonged; not to mention the heat, the thorns, the swamps, and the constant risk of attack or of running out of stores and becoming dependent on the usually non-existent goodwill of the interior. The last danger was perhaps the greatest. Compared with these journeys the logistics of modern Himalayan or Arctic expeditions do not seem too complex. Lugard characteristically gives one of the best descriptions:

> . . . the further into the interior one penetrates, the more valuable the barter-goods become . . a fair normal average price for flour in the interior is about 4 lb. to the string (or 12,000 lb. to the porter's load) of beads . . . Exclusive of presents and other contingencies, a load of beads should provide food for a caravan of 200 men for a month.

On reaching a village, the explorer had first to haggle over the *hongo*, or toll for passage, and then over the food exchange rate, work out the averages and calculate their implications for his reserves and his future plans. Everything turned on this. The famous meeting of Stanley and Livingstone was important, as well as romantic, because Livingstone had been immobilised by the theft of his beads and cotton supplies.

The main focus of this anthology is on geographical discovery. The first reports to reach Europe were those of the German Lutherans Krapf and Rebmann, who reached Kilimanjaro in 1848, saw Mount Kenya, and deduced from oral reports the existence of what they supposed was a single vast inland sea in the interior. Krapf lost his wife and only child, Rebmann returned to Europe blind and broken. Then the race was on to find the source of the Nile. Speke and Burton established that Nyasa, Tanganyika and Victoria were separate lakes, and located the Mountains of the Moon. Speke discovered Lake Victoria and, with Grant, the Victoria Nile; meanwhile Baker and his stoic wife had struggled upstream against the tortuous and torrid White Nile to meet them, and to go on to discover Lake Albert. Livingstone circled the base of Lake Nyasa and found Lakes Mweru and Bangweulu; Count Teleki and Von Höhnel pushed north to Lakes Rudolph and Stephanie. By 1888 the circle was complete and it remained only for Lugard and others to fill in the details of the routes through the centre.

In building up this picture the editors' selection is purposeful and effective; they are only let down by a bad map. What is a pity is that their geographical bias seems to have made them omit from their introduction any adequate guide to the social and economic system which confronted the explorers, so that their reaction to it, which is fairly well represented in the selections from their writings, does not get all the significance it deserves.

The key to the situation was the Arab Sultanate at Zanzibar, based on tribute from the coastal ports and settlements. These in turn prospered on the basis of a vigorous

trade with the interior, where wealthy Arab merchants had founded a network of trading townships, in which they lived in stylish houses, with platoons of mercenaries, and acted as exporters, wholesalers and victuallers for caravans. Coming from the coast, caravans consisted mainly of Swahili porters; going back, they were swollen with slaves, bought from predatory middlemen, to carry ivory and to be sold on the coastal markets. Several hundred thousand people a year died or were enslaved in this process, and as more and more guns circulated the insecurity and degradation grew to unimaginable proportions. In short, the European explorers discovered a social crisis even more than a geographical region, and this discovery in turn produced the immense missionary and commercial effort which did so much to make the East Africa of today.

COLIN LEYS

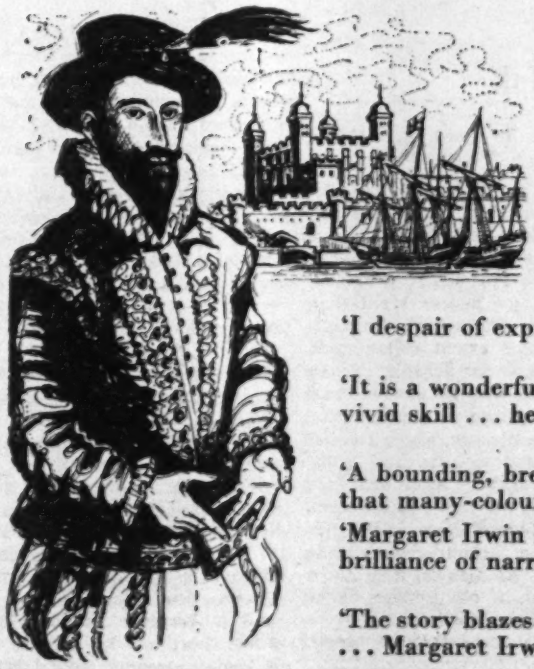
Two-way Traffic

Shakespeare's Public. BY MARTIN HOLMES. *Murray.* 25*s.*

Despite the title, this is only marginally a book about Shakespeare's public. Mr Holmes is interested in the first-night audiences only when Shakespeare seems to be writing for one social group rather than for another, and when to recognise this helps to clarify Shakespeare. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, addressed primarily to an audience of City merchants, the Antonio-Shylock story dominates, and the high-life romance is a mere frame representing the merchants' 'pleasant conjecture about life . . . lived by ladies and gentlemen of a fashionable world that had as yet nothing to do with London.' Sociologically, this is very shaky: certainly Sir Thomas Gresham knew enough about high life to entertain the Queen at Osterley as early as 1576; and if, as Mr Holmes later asserts, the interpenetration of Court and City had affected the character of audiences in time for *Julius Caesar* in 1599, why not three years earlier? But still, the point does distinguish *The Merchant* from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* – aristocratic country-house audience; from *Love's Labour's Lost* – private courtly audience; and from *The Comedy of Errors* – for the lawyers of the Inns of Court. A more subtle (and more original) case is Mr Holmes's contention that the two parts of *Henry IV* differ in tone because Part One was for the sober citizenry who patronised Burbage's Theatre in Finsbury Fields, while Part 2 was for the seedier and keener-witted audience of The Globe, to which the Shakespearean company moved in the winter of 1599. This, and not any conscious down-grading of Falstaff's character, accounts for his loss of charm and greater callousness.

As Mr Holmes admits, there is as much conjecture as fact in these discussions, but this matters less than his tendency to mix up hard facts like dates of production, physical demands of the different stages, and social stratification, with 'soft' facts like the interpretation of tone or emphasis, and an appreciation of the language of particular plays. He proposes, for example, that *Othello* was originally written for the Court, and cites the hard fact of the night-scene and the torches in Act I. Then he adds: 'Moreover, there is comparatively little ranting in it, and next to no comedy', both features of Globe productions. 'Ranting' is Mr Holmes's term for the poet's declamatory style; in this play, presumably, for the Othello-music, which is certainly more intricate and subtle than the 'ranting' in *Henry IV*, so that a more intimate production would be very suitable. But, this should also hold for the verse of *Measure for Measure*, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, all plays which Mr Holmes assigns to the Globe; whereas *Lear*, a play in which 'ranting' figures memorably, is assigned to the private house at Blackfriars. In itself, the inconsistency is disturbing enough: the linguistic point is used, or discarded, as essentially *minor* evidence, not in itself a central fact of the play.

But, apart from the logic, how – at this late date – can you rely on any interpreter of Shakespeare who describes his mature dramatic verse as 'ranting'? Perhaps Mr Holmes thinks that he is speaking for the 'average' Elizabethan playgoer, but he produces no evidence of this widespread illiteracy, and the very fact of Shakespeare, Jonson, Tourneur and Marston (see, for example, the Induction to *Antonio and Mellida*) argues the precise opposite: a keenly discriminating public. Overshadowing this whole question is the fact that we cannot begin to imagine a major dramatic art which is 'popular' without making concessions to its audience. The Shakespearean playgoers are even more mysterious than Shakespeare, and it does no service to modern playgoers to familiarise him by making his audience sound something like us, and his relationship towards them like that of some modern entertainer conforming to 'what my public wants'. Cumulatively, this is the effect of Mr Holmes's well-intentioned survey. The touchstone of Shakespeare's genius, he suggests, is his sense for an audience, but since Shakes-



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peare is a major fact in the culture of that audience, it seems more fruitful to think of his plays as the touchstone of their genius; to suppose, at least, that Shakespeare disturbed as many expectations as he satisfied, and challenged the fashions he understood so well.

GRAHAM MARTIN

Working with Europe

The Free Trade Proposals. Edited by G. D. N. WORSWICK. *Blackwell.* 30*s.*

The appearance of these essays has been superbly timed. Last month, thanks to Dr Erhard, the Hallstein proposals for the acceleration of the Common Market were temporarily postponed. At the same time, with the ink of the Stockholm Treaty barely dry, the British Government appears to have reached the conclusion that the Outer Seven would not after all form a bridge to the Six, while as a deterrent it was about as useful as Blue Streak. The stage is set, therefore, for new initiatives and it can be confidently predicted that the negotiations now going on between officials and ministers will, before the summer is out, trigger off a vital and far-reaching public debate. Those who wish to clear their minds on the complex economic issues involved in closer association with Europe will certainly be helped by these essays.

Part I, which is a reprint of the special 1957 issue of the Bulletin of the Oxford Institute of Statistics, will be read now mainly for background, for the question that the authors then set themselves to answer – the effects on Britain of joining a European Free Trade Area – is no longer relevant. What is interesting is that, Dr Balogh excepted, so many distinguished scholars were sufficiently ill-informed of Continental opinion to treat the Free Area seriously; and secondly, the absence of really sharp criticism of proposals which were petty, unworkable and totally Anglo-centric. Those who suspect that economists have been taken rather too seriously in recent years will also enjoy Professor Johnson's retrospective censure of his co-contributors for their failure to produce any quantitative assessment of the impact of a Free Trade Area on Britain, and their head-on disagreements on so many matters of substance.

The second group of essays, written in 1959 after the breakdown of Mr Maudling's talks, are both new and valuable. Mr Worswick traces the course of the EFTA negotiations to the point of breakdown and, while still advocating the British approach, states the French objections with clarity and fairness. Sir Roy Harrod makes an important plea that economic expansion should be the basic agreed commitment for any new association in Europe. Professor Johnson begins the task of economic calculation so conspicuously absent in the 1957 symposium. But it is Mr Day, with his open advocacy of Britain's membership of the Common Market, and Dr Balogh – despite his distrust of Adenauer and de Gaulle – with his proposals for the development of Common Market institutions into effective organs of European planning, who have made the most exciting and important contributions.

Here at last the real issue has been squarely faced: should we or should we not join the Common Market? There cannot be a simple answer, but it is a welcome advance that these authors have refused to allow their thinking to be paralysed by such sacred cows as imperial preference and British agriculture.

PETER SHORE

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CONTENTS FOR MAY 1960

ARTICLES

Gilbert and the Historians — M. B. HESSE

The Doppler Effect and the Foundations of Physics — HERBERT DINGLE

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On Partial Identity of Cause and Effect — PAUL G. MORRISON

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The Autobiography of Cecil B. deMille. Edited by DONALD HAYNE. *W. H. Allen.* 35*s.*

This book is monumentally dull – as perhaps it should be. He *is* a monument, of the kind unveiled at the beginning of *Modern Times*, except that no imp has been allowed to stray about into these pages: Mr deMille of 2010 deMille Drive. His editor, who seems to have been to some extent collaborator, refers to him always as Mr deMille, even in footnotes. Mr deMille himself always refers to his wife as Mrs deMille. His career spans the rise and fall of a dynasty, which has had its lunatics, poets, and satirists, and it has remained to Mr deMille – after delivering himself of 72 motion pictures – to round off success with the Elk touch. Here, in the publisher's words, is the 'definitive story' of a 'giant among the movie makers, titan of industrial development, a philosopher of his age, and the star of the star-makers'; if you have the stamina to crawl through its 432 pages.

Not that one can't have quite an affection for him, when the boredom has worn off. He *would* of course search out the ancestry of that happily evocative name, disappointed a little that he can't get further back than Gillis deMil, born in Flanders about 1280. DeMille's father was a preacher and playwright, a combination to which his son added the gift of showmanship. By far his best pages deal with the beginnings of Hollywood: a somnolent village, with an L-shaped barn that was to be his first studio. The day they moved in was sunny, so they started shooting *Squaw Man*. J. G. Harper, 'strong old Kentuckian', received $5; horses were $2.50 apiece; Miss Helen Carruthers, with dresses but no trains, cost $25. One element, of bigness in the feature film, got its fillip. Already in 1913, from Italy had come *Quo Vadis* and *Cabiria*, and Griffith had made *Judith of Bethulia*. Someone had even, five years earlier, done a *Life of Moses* in several reels.

The Squaw Man was the first of many successes and failures. Success is the measure of quality; and Griffith is referred to as a great genius who with *Intolerance* fell into his decline and eventual poverty. Chaplin is a 'great comedian', with detestable politics. The only other 'genius' referred to is Irving Thalberg, whom at an early stage deMille tried to buy up. His visit to Russia in 1931 brings mention – no more – of an E. Eisenstein. The myopia is after a time fascinating. It's rather as though Marie Corelli and the president of a steel corporation had been rolled into one, with the instincts of the first and the manner of the second. He tried to set up a Directors' Guild; he was kind to people and animals; at 71 he still had the same ideas and something near the same enthusiasm he started with. One can't help liking a man who bought up *The Admirable Crichton* and turned it into *Male and Female*. Barrie, an even more curious pupil of success, is reported to have exclaimed, 'Why didn't I think of that?'

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Keep Moving

The Country Blues. BY SAMUEL B. CHARTERS. *Joseph.* 21*s.*

The blues are the folk-music expert's dream: a type of song which is not merely of remarkable poetic value, but whose entire course of evolution is also on record; at any rate since shortly after 1910 when it acquired self-consciousness and its present name. One would have thought that universities and foundations, which normally spend vast sums on much less interesting subjects, would have long since rushed towards this Klondike of popular culture. They have not. At all events the historical analysis of the blues is still in the hands of a few devoted individuals, such as Samuel Charters –hitherto best known as a tireless chronicler of New Orleans jazz – who has now written an imperfect but indispensable pioneer book, mainly about the singers recorded since 1920 on the so-called 'Race Series' of the American gramophone companies.

The book has two main achievements to its credit. First, it gives us an invaluable history of the Negro popular taste and mood, as reflected in the record companies' catalogues: the vogue for the country blues in the Twenties, the disaster of the slump with its turn to frenzied religion, the standardised urban 'beat' of the Thirties with its quota of 'depression songs' (*WPA Blues, CCC Blues, Hungry Man*), and the 'restlessness and aggressiveness in the new young coloured audience' after 1945, out of which there arose the loud, jumping, noise which has been vulgarised and exploited as 'rock-and-roll', which has in turn commercialised and vulgarised Negro songs.

Secondly, the book provides a series of biographies and impressions of professional blues singers, and consequently an excellent

introduction to that obscure zone in which ordinary labouring men turn into creative artists, and the dusty, sleazy, social milieu in which they earn their living. Here is Blind Lemon Jefferson, in the cotton-picking season, when there is money about, singing under a sweaty Stetson for whisky and a woman; Joe Williams, who began in the levee camps, took the fancy of a pimp and racketeer in Tuscaloosa, and then went with the medicine shows; Blind Willie Johnson 'dressed as neatly as he could', led by his wife to sing his 'anguished cry to God' along Forsythe Street, Beaumont, Texas; Sam Hopkins who 'sang until he became so tense emotionally that it was impossible to talk to him'. At least one of these singers seems to have come close to developing an authentic, personal, poetic voice: the haunted (and unsuccessful) Robert Johnson whose individual imagery stands out:

I got to keep moving, uunh, I got to keep moving.
Blues falling down like hail, blues falling down like hail.
I can't keep no money, hellhound on my trail,
Hellhound on my trail, hellhound on my trail.

The chief weakness of the book is a somewhat capricious definition of the 'country blues', which includes such very unrural singers as Leroy Carr or Sonny Boy Williamson, but omits equally relevant figures, or which discusses one early gospel singer in detail, but fails to say anything about the evolution of gospel song. But these and other drawbacks cannot detract from the value of a book which ought to be required (and fascinating) reading for anyone interested in the Negro people, in America, in folk culture, or in the arts.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Anatomy of Rebellion

The Rebels. BY BRIAN CROZIER. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

In this most informative and thoughtful book it has been Mr Crozier's task to cast a net round the major post-war rebels, to haul in the varied catch and to draw certain conclusions from a comparative study. When dealing with the individual case-histories he is most enlightening, but the comparisons are vitiated by a basic failure to distinguish between the nationalist, anti-colonial *rebellions* of Algeria, Palestine and Cyprus on the one hand, and the social and political *revolutions* in Indo-China, Hungary and Cuba on the other.

Rejecting what he takes to be the Marxist analysis, Mr Crozier concludes that the rebel makes the rebellion. Ho Chi Minh was already a rebel in the 1920's, as was Grivas in the first years after the war. Similarly Belkacim Krim had been a militant rebel for nine years before the FLN launched their revolt in 1954. The motive force behind the resort to violence, the author argues, is to be found in the psychology of frustration: Giap surrendered himself to violence earlier than did Ho Chi Minh, Benbella and Krim sooner than Ferhat Abbas.

Although Mr Crozier can hardly deny the importance of political and economic grievances, he tends to subordinate them to the personal factor of the individual rebel leader. The implications of his theory would surely be that without the leaders under discussion the rebellions would not have taken place in the way they did. It is of course true that Grivas and Castro in particular played decisive roles in fashioning their rebellions, but

MARTIN HARRISON

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the Indonesians and Algerians have been embarrassed by a multitude of leaders, while the Tibetans rebelled without any dominant figure at their head. (The Dalai Lama's part was symbolic rather than active.) The same is true of Mau Mau.

In general one must agree with the author that official policy has normally been lamentably short-sighted. He severely castigates the administration in Kenya for its blindness and concedes that Kenyatta's leadership of Mau Mau remains unproven. Reluctant to learn, the British made the same mistakes in Nyasaland, and again fell back on repression. However, the British have India, Pakistan, Burma and to a lesser extent Malaya to their credit, while the all or nothing policies of the French and Dutch in Indo-China and the East Indies resulted in – nothing.

Mr Crozier is at his best when anatomising rebellion in its three phases of terrorism, guerrilla warfare and full-scale war. Sometimes, as in Cyprus, the cycle remains uncompleted, and often the phases are not mutually exclusive: in Palestine from 1944 and in Malaya from 1948 terrorism expanded into a kind of guerrilla war and co-existed with it, while in the Canal Zone and Kenya the rebels never graduated beyond terrorism. Mr Crozier concludes that terrorism, whose main purpose is frequently to bully one's own side into conformity, only succeeds where it has the majority of the population on its side (as in Palestine and the Canal Zone) and where its activities are directed against the occupying power alone. The corollary is that official repression is doomed unless accompanied by a firm and progressive political policy.

Having produced a handbook for potential rebels, Mr Crozier makes recompense by offering certain advice to colonial powers. See the light quickly, and make sure you crush communist rebels by handing over to respectable nationalists. This he calls the 'alternative leader principle'. He feels that with early French support Bao Dai might have turned out to be a good boy after all, and not merely a corrupt ex-emperor living off his ill-gotten gains in Cannes. In any case he would have been preferable to Ho Chi Minh. One wonders. Mr Crozier perhaps forgets that the Americans tried the 'alternative leader principle' in supporting Chiang in China: they received their answer. Not forgetting, of course, that the 'alternative leader principle' exercised by allied forces in Greece gave us Papagos and other well-known sons of the people.

DAVID CAUTE

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Caroline of Brunswick at the age of 26 was married by the Archbishop of Canterbury to her first cousin George, Prince of Wales, aged 32 in April 1795. One child, the Princess Charlotte, was born exactly nine months later. Marital relations of some sort (the Prince spent his wedding night dead drunk on the floor) lasted for three weeks; for another seven months the couple shared the same roof; at the end of a year they were formally separated by mutual consent, never to reunite. The marriage was not a total fiasco since it produced, like magic, an heiress to the throne; but it was a heartless, mercenary transaction from the start. The girl wanted the grandeur and expenditure of a Princess of Wales; the Prince had bargained for the doubling of his allowance by the House of Commons, in order to pay his debts. Moreover, there was the slight handicap of bigamy attached. The Prince had married Mrs Fitzherbert surreptitiously ten years before although nobody was willing openly to acknowledge that little impediment.

Miss Richardson deals mostly with the Princess's flamboyant career after her brief nuptials: and almost half the book is devoted to the last 16 months of Caroline's life, when she returned to England after the death of George III to defy her husband and fight for her rights as Queen. While the Napoleonic wars lasted she was perforce cooped up in England, at Blackheath and Kensington, a blowsy, coarse woman, separated from her daughter, shunned by the best society and suspected from time to time of having lovers. It was even rumoured that she had given birth to a child, but a 'Delicate Investigation' in 1806 exonerated her and proved the boy was someone else's and had only been adopted by her. She had been solemnly warned before marriage that any adultery on her part would count as high treason and any paramour of hers would be liable to be hanged. Bold George Canning as a young man avowedly risked the penalty, but he had few, if any, followers. So it was not surprising that after Waterloo Caroline went gallivanting abroad. 'Englishmen', she complained (although Miss Richardson is too modest to mention it), 'are damnably afraid of the rope'. On her return to claim a share of the throne in 1820 George IV tried hard to divorce her by Act of Parliament. For 52 days the House of Lords listened to the eloquence of Brougham and the evidence of her foreign amours and voted with dwindling enthusiasm to convict her. The Commons refused to follow suit; and the divorce like the marriage fizzled out. Within a year Caroline was dead and George free to re-marry, as bigamously as before, but he preferred to stick to Lady Conyngham in cosy semi-adultery.

Miss Richardson gives a splendid account of the great trial scenes in the Lords, and threads her way judiciously through the pack of lies told on both sides that bedevilled those proceedings and still bewilder our later judgment. She concludes that Caroline was guilty and mad – and who shall disagree? She treats George IV with rather too much deference. But for Mrs Fitzherbert, the deserted wife, she reserves a great gush of sympathy, which can hardly have been merited. Mrs Fitz was a devout Catholic; and she could not have loved her Prince so much, had she not loved Catholic Emancipation even more.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

The Double Heritage

Burns: A Study of the Poems and Songs. By THOMAS CRAWFORD. *Oliver and Boyd.* 35*s.*

Burns is a necessary ordeal for every Scottish critic: but in grappling with Burns, the critic often seems to be fighting with his own Scottishness. Whether Burns ever wrote well out of Scots; whether he is to be seen as the last flower of a vernacular tradition; whether the Edinburgh visit was a disaster; whether he is best when nearest, or farthest, from the parish pump – the way critics address themselves to such questions seems often to depend on their personal reactions to the complex fate of being a Scot – or Anglo-Scot. No wonder some of the clearest judgment on Burns has come from foreigners. But now comes a critic whose name is Scottish but who writes from New Zealand and who, perhaps in consequence, manages to combine an inside knowledge and sympathy with a freedom from presuppositions as to what Burns's relation to Scotland, and to the Scots language, ought to have been. He takes a long cool look at the words on the page – where they come from and how they are used; he gives the context of the poems – personal, historical, social, literary; then he listens with a very sharp ear for tone. It is a straightforward method, but Mr Crawford is the first critic to apply it so thoroughly to Burns, and it produces excellent results.

The conclusion to which Mr Crawford's careful reading of the poems brings him is that Burns is so good a Scots poet just because he drew from so much more than the Scottish scene or the Scottish literary tradition. Take, for example, 'The Jolly Beggars'. At first sight nothing could appear more Scottish – metres, subject, language. But Mr Crawford, while paying full attention to these elements, shows how much in the poem comes from non-Scottish sources: the cantata form itself, the treatment of the beggars, which owes something to Rousseau and something to Gay; these snatches of eighteenth-century poetic diction which, far from jarring on the native idiom, mix with it to produce effects of humour and irony. Burns's readings in Milton, Pope, Rochester and Gray did not emasculate his native genius; they greatly extended its scope.

Again, nothing could, literally, be more parochial than the ecclesiastical satires. But though Burns slanged Holy Willie in something like the language of the parish, the drive behind the slanging came as much from the poet's readings in the philosophers as from

his indignation at petty tyranny in Mauchline. And when he wished to state plainly his philosophical objection to Calvinism – as in the last stanza of the 'Address to the Unco Guid' – he left broad Scots for the Anglo-Scots of Hume, Blair and Dugald Stewart. He was an heir of the Enlightenment as well as of Ramsay and Fergusson.

Burns's strength indeed, as Mr Crawford sees it, is that (like Yeats) he could draw on two traditions: and wrote his best when using both, with the scope for contrast and irony that this playing on two instruments made possible. Scott pointed out that Burns's flights into the Miltonic sublime only came off 'when he had the power of descending at pleasure' into homely and familiar Scots. Mr Crawford agrees that the poems written entirely in English are failures. But so are many of the later epistles and satires written wholly in Scots. Mr Crawford won't please the patriots who play up the Scots *v.* English line: but the general reader will end his study with a much better idea than he has had before of Burns's intelligence, complexity and wit.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Uncommon Reader

One Year's Reading for Fun. By BERNARD BERENSON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

This is a record of a single year's reading, and its interest lies wholly in the personality of the reader. In 1942, Berenson was 77, living, as he said himself, 'the quiet life of an alien enemy', cut off from his friends and reduced to immobility. He had nothing to do except read and be read to, and he had one of the largest private libraries in the world under his roof. He read, or read in, more than 300 books, in the light of his own vast knowledge and specialised interests, and, as his diary shows, with the war and his own apprehensions of what would come out of it never absent from his mind.

There were both the long-term projects and the reading for light relief. So, at the beginning of the year, he reads *Mein Kampf* and passes on to the whole of Plato, whom he sees as a novelist rather than a philosopher; he investigates the Romantic movement in the persons of Schiller, Goethe and the Schlegels; he reads Ruskin with an increasing respect; he rereads Pater with all his old enthusiasm. He is bowled over by Churchill's *Marlborough* and, to his surprise, by Trevelyan's *History of England*. He encounters *Tom Jones* and *Amelia* for the first time, and attempts once again to read Dickens, without much appreciation, which he regrets, for 'the English are so devoted to him'. Of his younger contemporaries he has little to say. He approves of the later critical opinions of Van Wyck Brooks, whose attacks on 'that solid humbug of T. S. Eliot' he chuckles over, dismisses Joyce and Faulkner and Hemingway, praises Elizabeth Bowen's *Look at All Those Roses* for its style but finds in it 'a dreariness surpassing Chekhov's', and is much impressed by Steinbeck, perhaps because he meets him in an Italian translation. And everything he reads he comments on, sharply and vigorously. He is, perhaps, especially interesting when, the emigrant from Lithuania who has spent the greater part of his life in Italy, he reflects upon and rediscovers the essentially New England quality of his mind. He emerges as much more liberal than one had imagined. May we be as alive and as lively at 77!

WALTER ALLEN

New Novels

Mr Love and Justice. By COLIN MACINNES. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Hawaii. By JAMES A. MICHENER. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*

The Catch of Time. By DONALD FORD. *The Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

Twice Lost. By PHYLLIS PAUL. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Mr Love and Justice, the wryest of Mr Colin MacInnes's tracts for the times, establishes him as the Hogarth of the cleared-streets era. Frankie Love, an out-of-work merchant seaman, 'adrift in Yokohama and repatriated at official expense', makes a fruitless visit to Stepney Labour Exchange and from that moment abandons the straight and narrow. PC Edward Justice, whose girl friend has a shady father, is promoted to the CID about the same time as Frankie Love becomes a ponce. Gradually their courses through the field of vice converge; allegory begins to hover over them; and eventually they are in collision and collusion. Frankie develops a fey yearning for gaol but suddenly finds himself in hospital with ex-PC Justice whose erratic private life has ended his police career. Justice thinks of starting a dress-shop and Frankie, himself tempted to set up as a private eye, suggests using the shop as a brothel. Justice muses on the twists of fate.

These correspondences and transpositions are never blatant: the action is tortuous enough to mute the allegory without, however, burying the Defoe-like revelations that occur on every page. Mr MacInnes communicates life's untidiness and a nagging sense of its sinister coincidences. A connoisseur of underdogs, Flash Harrys and wanglers, he is also a lover of paraphernalia and data: a sulking whore does her nails nineteen times each; in the 'heroic phase' of *pissoir* architecture 'the larva-hued earthenware, the huge brass pipes, the great slate walls dividing the compartments, are all built on an Egyptian scale'. He pores assiduously over the behaviour of narks, coppers and pimps; anomalies intrigue him: it is the vice squad's star sleuth who conscientiously procures Justice's downfall, the star ponce who rats on Love. But Mr MacInnes also conveys the idea that the two novices are really toppled by anticipatory images of themselves as Detective Sergeant and Ponce Regent – roles that preclude Justice's petty ignominy no less than Love's defective sense of vocation.

Unfortunately Mr MacInnes's documentary concern makes his characters explain their callings to each other, and to others, at wearisome length. By the time they have reached hospital and have time to talk, they have talked themselves out. There isn't quite enough irrelevance coming out of them, and there are too many lame jokes from Mr MacInnes as narrator: 'He looked at Edward like a brother (as Cain, for example, did on Abel)'; 'One could have heard an ice-cube drop'. I complain only because I think this extremely interesting, too relentless book could so easily have been made defter, swifter and less proudly knowing.

I began Mr Michener's quaint, 1,018-page ethnographical chronicle with misgivings. Justifiably, as it turned out: there are so many subleties his prose just cannot carry, even by implication; once again the dry, tough guys yearn for softness: 'as the inspection team piled into the PBY for take-off and

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ODHAMS - FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS

DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL

12-25th September, 1960

ABBEY THEATRE: 12-24th Sept. Premiere of "Songs of the Anvil" by Bryan MacMahon.

OLYMPIA THEATRE: 13-17th Sept. Belgrade Theatre, Coventry, presents "Hassan" by James Elroy Flecker. Direction by Basil Dean, settings and costumes by Disley Jones. 19-24th Sept. The Old Vic Company in a Shakespearean production.

GATE THEATRE: 13-24th Sept. Lord Longford Productions "An Ideal Husband" by Oscar Wilde.

GAIETY THEATRE: 12-14th September. Dublin Festival Company present Siobhan McKenna in "The Playboy of the Western World" by J. M. Synge.

15-17th Sept. Cyril Cusack Productions. World premiere of "The Voices of Deolin," a new play by Walter Macken.

18-24th Sept. Hilton Edwards/Michael MacLiammoir (Dublin Gate Theatre Productions). A recital by Michael MacLiammoir "The Importance of Being Oscar."

PIKE THEATRE: 11-24th September. An adaptation from Tolstoy's novel "The Kreutzer Sonata" by Roderick Lovell and Hannah Watt. Direction by Alan Simpson.

THEATRE ROYAL: 12-24th September. International Variety, twice nightly.

GAS COMPANY DUN LAOIRE: 14-24th September. Orion Productions present world premiere of "The Highest House on the Mountain" by John B. Keane.

EBLANA THEATRE: Dublin Globe Theatre Company (in association with Liffey Theatre Productions).

12-17th September. World premiere of "Mourn The Ivy Leaf" by G. P. Gallivan.

19-24th September. World premiere of "A Walk on the Water" by Hugh Leonard.

Liffey Theatre Productions: Intimate Review, nightly, 9.15 p.m.

Tickets & Booking: Prices range from 3/- to 12/6d. *Britain*: Thos. Cook; American Express (all branches). *Belfast*: The Empire Theatre. *Dublin*: Festival Office, 8 South Great George's Street. Pigott's, 113 Grafton Street.

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the return to Hawaii, no one spoke of the long-haired girls of Bora Bora, or their flashing teeth, or of the games they knew how to play . . .' A general confesses his amazement 'at what a man of 49 can do'; the aged or heartsick modern praetors devour the golden girls; the simplistic solemnities pile up ('she felt confused by the great passion that can exist between men and women'). Yet, for once, the *Kitsch* is embedded in a history so vast, so meticulously and grandly presented, that one's irritation is lost. The earliest Hawiians, wandering the islands, live or die at the whim of a priest; to build a temple they bury a slave alive beneath each corner-column; later, to safeguard and advance themselves, they bury expatriate whites, and others, alive in their golden, chaotic families. One such, Hoxworth Hale, descendant of Rafer Hoxworth who in 1833 married Noelani Kanakoa, tells the people's story from scratch. And through him Mr Michener makes a very fine attempt at putting the primitive mind into modern English. I was particularly held by the story of the primogenitors' odysseys and eventual grapplings with Christian ethics. As the book unwinds into the twentieth century, familiar Michener stereotypes emerge, but Mr Michener goes into them more deeply than usual; and, for that reason most of all, this is his most impressive, most honest novel by far.

The Catch of Time tells how a girl called Gwyneth leaves her Welsh valley to have an illegitimate baby in London. The child is stillborn and she picks up the threads again through meeting and surrendering to a turbulent, divided working-class family, the Norrises: good Bill and his nattering, shrewd wife, gladly discomfited by three clever children all in good jobs. Gwyneth eventually marries Vic Norris, who has been divorced. Mr Ford writes calmly and plainly, has an accurate ear for the rhythms and silences of working-class talk and gives his characters clean edges. I particularly liked the way the prose and pace relaxed to match the steadiness of a married Gwyneth, daring to be vulnerable again. Some of the more lyrical parts do go on a bit, and jar in this otherwise taut, scrupulous novel. I hadn't thought Gwyneth the intense girl the honeymoon shows her to be; but perhaps, as this is the second novel in a trilogy, her deeper nature emerges earlier, in the part I haven't read. But a recapitulation would have helped.

Twice Lost is frequently tough going because Miss Paul is so unflaggingly articulate about everything and tends to revel in language at the narrative's expense. A little girl disappears, reappears long after – or seems to. Everyone in Hilberry village has theories and many have hallucinations about these events. Only an eccentric old writer, confiding to his diary, knows the truth of Vivian Lambert's preposterous accidental death. Miss Paul handles atmosphere and delusion in trenchant, short sentences which meet the reader's intense need of something definite, or definite-seeming, within the finely-wrought phantasmagoria. The book reminded me of *The Turn of the Screw* and *Sanctuary*: it goes nerve-wrackingly deep into the adolescent survivals in adult minds and bewilders with so much detail masking the course of events.

PAUL WEST

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,583 **Set by A. N. Other**

The usual prizes are offered for a clerihew on any current sporting event. Entries by 5 July.

Result of No. 1,580 **Set by Hilbrian**

The usual prizes are offered for a group of three epigrams on Man by other living creatures. Limit 24 words or 4 lines of verse for each epigram.

Report

We distrust our popularity in this world, it seems. 'Man stinks,' said E. O. Parrott's skunk and the horses of P. W. R. Foot and L. Neal Baillie made much the same complaint. Perhaps the former put it more neatly: 'Man will do most things for us – except get off our backs'. To my mind the best sets of three came from June Langfield and R. Kennard Davis. I recommend two guineas apiece for them; and a guinea each to Stanley J. Sharpless and Arthur Osborne. The authors of the single epigrams are highly commended.

APE: There but for the grace of evolution go I.
FOX: They're always saying how much *I* enjoy being hunted, but I notice they never offer to take turn and turn about.
PEACOCK: How *do* the creatures recognise their mates when you never see them with the same feathers twice running?

JUNE LANGFIELD

CAT:
Though unresponsive to our nightly choirs,
Though poorly furred, and uniformly Manx,
For boons of milk and meat and fish and fires
This humble animal deserves our thanks.

FLY:
Man spends his knowledge, skill and pelf
In studying to destroy himself.
What luck! With half the enterprise
He might exterminate us flies!

DOG:
Promiscuous Man, by sedulous selection,
Has brought our various breeds to high perfection.
What marvellous results might crown the plan,
Should Dogs contrive to breed promiscuous Man!

R. KENNARD DAVIS

ANT: Go to Man, thou feverish ant, and learn to relax.
APE: Man is but Ape-plus-*Angst*.
AMOEBA: Man is imprisoned in a million cells.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

APE: Every man has a chimp on his shoulder.
DOG: All men are blind, and Dog's destiny is to lead them.
RABBIT: Let's hope they all die of metempsychosis.

ARTHUR OSBORNE

BACTERIA: An admirable host in the main, though sometimes inclined to end the party too soon for want of reserves of strength.
DEER: A creature who kills, and then suffers pangs of conscience, Man is thus doubly to be despised.

J. A. GAMMON

ARCHY THE COCKROACH:
it strikes me boss that this competition
is yet another example
of the egocentric attitude
of you humans stop

FOX:
Once more the Masters of the Hounds explain
That hunting's necessary, healthy and humane;
Duty with Inclination is combined –
And only Foxes (and the farmers) mind.

J. W. SMEED

CAT:
Once Man revered me: now he merely pets me.
No wonder the creature is degenerate when
it sentimentalises what it ought to worship.

RHINOCEROS:
What earthly use
Is a species so obtuse
As to commit the zoological enormity
Of accusing *me* of conformity!

MARTIN FAGG

RACEHORSE:
Man bred me with great skill and care,
From perfect stallion and excellent mare,
Yet hopes for sons, intelligent and fit
By wedding one who lacks both health and wit.

LYNDON IRVING

MINK: We freedom-loving species can
Scarce *overrate* the human:
So vilely put upon by Man
To be put on by Woman.

GLORIA PRINCE

ROYAL CORGI:
How strange are mankind's ways! To think that she
Who rules o'er millions, is a slave to me!

CHIMPANZEE PAINTER:
Nature men love, and next to Nature, Art.
I view them both with anthropoidal phlegm,
Reflecting, as I play a painter's part,
What's natural to me is Art to them.

MARGARET WOOD

DOG: If Man did not exist, we dogs would find it necessary to invent him.

D. ROTHENBERG

FLY: I hate Man for his DDT
His laughing gas is killing me;
I'm so glad that in the interim
I play some part in killing *him*.

C. D. THROSBY

City Lights

Looking-glass World

News sufficiently arresting and important for the semi-serious papers to splash is sometimes scarce, particularly in the summer, and has to be manufactured. Experienced news editors, conscious of this necessity, equip themselves with special correspondents, methodically building up their public reputations and their private vanities against the day when they must surprise neither the readers nor themselves by transforming some suitable molehill into a mountain large enough to justify the imperative headline.

Quarrels inside the Labour Party are now established as the news editor's favourite standby, there being nearly always some indiscretion handy for a creative political correspondent to blow up into the main news of the day; but the possibility of fresh economic restrictions is rapidly establishing itself as second favourite – slightly less frequent, perhaps, and certainly less interestingly personal, but capable of bearing all the useful portentousness which ignorance engenders as naturally in a special correspondent as it engenders awe in his readers. It would be harmless enough, were it not for the fact that the flightier parts of the economy, like the flightier parts of the Labour Party, tend to adjust themselves to what they read about themselves in the newspapers.

The city, certainly, has not been heartened by what the papers have been telling it about its own uncertainties. Bill rate rose a little further last week: fears of a rise in Bank rate are now more widespread than ever, and the gilt-edged market is more obviously and self-consciously miserable than for months past. Nobody is to be impressed now by the fact that the long rise in bank advances has come to a belated stop; everyone is worrying about the trade figures and the fact that imports – if the Board of Trade's seasonal adjustments are to be trusted – have still not quite finished rising while exports are obstinately refusing to rise any further. Even if imports drop in the months ahead (and they'd better), one can hardly blame the Economic Secretary for his mild rebuke to British exporters.

The official statisticians have been mulling over the persistent weakness of exports for years past, finding no special explanation but only a general *accidie*, a self-perpetuating illness which regularly forces the imposition of restrictions which lead to still lower output and investment. The recent burst of God-is-on-our-side prosperity has further exaggerated the propensity of businessmen to think in terms of profits rather than of sales, and circumstances may sooner or later push the goverment, quite apart from the European question, into a policy of cutting tariffs and exposing its supporters to a world of reasonable profit margins.

* * *

The Cayzer family have always owned Clan Line and have controlled British & Commonwealth Shipping since Clan merged with Union Castle. The family is anxious, for mysterious family reasons, to raise £2½m; it is also well aware of the fact that selling British & Commonwealth shares would only weaken the family's grip on the company but would also, after the profit figures that have just been published, push the market price down disastrously against the seller. Something more elegant and indirect is needed, and Barings have found it.

There is a private family trust which holds the bulk of the family's B & C shares and not much else; this is now to get a Stock Exchange quotation. The 25 per cent of its capital, which must be held by the general public to qualify for a quotation and rule out the risk of a surtax direction, is to be found by issuing new shares to members of the family in exchange for B & C shares they hold and selling these for the required £2½m. The Cayzer family (apart from their direct holdings of B & C) will then own three-quarters of a trust which owns 48 per cent of B & C, and retain control; there is obvious scope, when next a few millions are needed, for running down their holding in the trust from 75 to 51 per cent without affecting their grip on B & C.

A problem analogous to this arises when a company controlled by a few people has to raise fresh capital by a rights issue to shareholders: assuming that they cannot afford or do not wish to subscribe, are they to sell enough old shares to take up their whack of new ones or simply to sell their rights in the market for what they are worth? The selling must be adroitly managed in either case if the market price of the shares is not to collapse and the success of the issue to be jeopardised. Mr Mavroleon of London & Overseas Freighters took the first course; it looks as if the two gentlemen who built up and control Peachey Property are going to take the second. Peachey has been meaning to reorganise its capital since too much dependence on a single building society went out of fashion, and the first instalment of the reorganisation turns out to be a rights issue to raise £2½m – half of which falls to the two gentlemen in question. Since the whole issue has been underwritten, however, it is to be assumed that they mean to sell their rights for what they can get and that Hambros has managed to find means of disposing of them.

Company News

The aluminium saga – American producers finding new outlets by acquiring foreign fabricators – has taken another step forward; following the acquisition by **Alcoa-ICI** of Almin, the largest UK producer of foundry alloys, **Alcan** has taken a half-interest in Enfield Rolling Mills' subsidiary, Ermal; Enfield can do with the financial help.

The latest development in the paint saga is the acquisition of Permoglaze by **Blundell Spence** ('Pammastic', 'Blunkote', etc); with ICI and Courtaulds now dominating the industry, concentration seems likely to proceed rapidly.

Allied Ironfounders (Agas, Raeburns, baths) has reported a trading profit up by half, a net profit doubled, and a dividend up from 12½ to 20 per cent.

Mr Drayton's **British Electric Traction** (its buses now overshadowed by its half-interest in Associated-Rediffusion) has increased its profit by a quarter to £5.8m and raised its dividend from 35 to 40 per cent.

Richardsons Westgarth (marine engineering, boilers, a finger in nuclear power) has reported profits down by half but is maintaining the old dividend: the fall in profits is partly due to a prudent decision to make provision for contracts recently taken on at unprofitable prices.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 554.

Does my headline reveal Caissa's vital statistics? Certainly not for, surely, our very own Goddess could not present so ungainly a shape; nor would I venture to take her name in so frivolous a vein. No, the three figures merely indicate the completed volumes of what may well be the most ambitious project in chess literature: vol. 11 dealing with Lasker, vol. 18 with Euwe, and vol. 23 with Botvinnik: and when it is all done there are to be 40 vols of *Weltgeschichte des Schahs* containing some 20,000 games and ca 200,000 diagrams. The games are neatly stencilled, with a diagram every five moves. Moreover, there are biographical notes, statistics, an index on openings and a particularly useful one on what type of game to be found on this or that page. Annotations for a good many (though not all) games are in an appendix. The publisher is Dr E. Wildhagen (Hamburg), the editor of the Lasker-volume (573 games) is L. Rellstab, while Botvinnik (400 games) and Euwe (488 games) have dealt with their own material. The latter, incidentally, will follow up with yet another volume (No 19 in the series), thereby giving us a complete survey of his career. From the autobiographical notes of the 1st vol. I was interested to learn that, while still in his 'teens (at Goteborg 1920) he drew against Grünfeld and Sämisch and beat Johner and other well-known masters such as Carls. Here's how he did it:

(1) P-QB4, P-K3; (2) Kt-QB3, P-QB4; (3) P-K4, Kt-QB3; (4) P-KB4, KKt-K2; (5) Kt-B3, P-Q4; (6) P-Q3, P-KKt3; (7) B-K2, B-Kt2; (8) 0-0, 0-0; (9) B-Q2, Kt-Q5; (10) B-K1, P-Kt3; (11) B-R4, B-Kt2; (12) BPxP, KPxP; (13) KtxKt, BxKt ch; (14) K-R1, Q-Q2; (15) P-B5?, QPxP; (16) QPxP, PxP; (17) PxP, KtxP; (18) B-B2, K-R1; (19) B-Kt4, R-KKt1; (20) BxB, PxB; (21) RxKt, RxB; (22) QxR, R-KKt1; (23) QxR ch, KtxQ; (24) R-Kt5 ch, K-B1; (25) Kt-Q1, Q-K2; (26) Resigns.

Botvinnik tells us that when he joined the Leningrad chess club at the age of 13 he pretended to be 16, this being the minimum age for membership; and what with his spectacles and his studious mien, he was accepted and soon won this game against Timovejev, a fairly strong player.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, PxP; (3) Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; (4) P-K3, P-K3; (5) BxP, B-Kt5 ch; (6) Kt-B3, P-QR3; (7) Q-B2, KKt-Q2; (8) P-K4, Kt-QB3; (9) B-K3, Kt-R4; (10) B-Q3, Kt-Kt3; (11) P-QR3, B-Q3; (12) R-Q1, 0-0; (13) P-K5, B-K2; (14) BxP ch, K-R1; (15) Q-K4, P-Kt3; (16) BxP, PxB; (17) QxKKtP, R-B4; (18) P-Q5, KtxP; (19) KtxKt, PxKt; (20) P-K6, R-B3; (21) B-Q4, BxKP; (22) Kt-Kt5, etc.

I might add that among the editors of forthcoming volumes — most of them, of course, dealing with their own material — there are to be Tal, Smyslov, Bronstein, Gligoric, Flohr, Keres, Petrosjan, Unzicker, as well as Golombek, Pirc and other noted commentators.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black decided the issue very neatly. It is, in fact, a forced mate in 3. For 6 & 7 ladderpoints, both **B** and **C** are draws, both very ingenious and not too difficult either. The Rinck-study may well be considered a "classic", and our more erudite competitors are probably aware of it. Usual prizes. Entries by 4 July.

A: D. V. Mardle
1959

B: F. J. Prokop, 1943: /8/1K6/16/p5p1/8/p2Kt4/k1Kt5/.

C: Henri Rinck, 1905: /b5K1/6P1/8/4B3/2Kt5/8/5p1p/3k4/.

REPORT on No. 551 Set 28 May

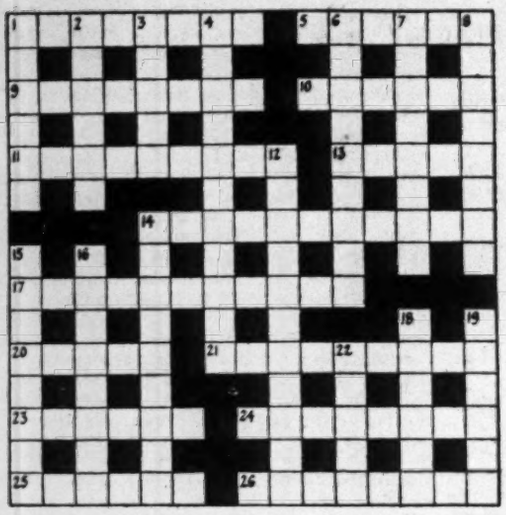
A: (1) Q-Kt6 ch,K-R1; (2) P-R6!, PxBP (best); (3) Q-Kt7 ch!, RxQ; (4) PxR ch,K-Kt1; (5) R-R8 mate.
B: (1) K-R4, B-Kt3 (forced); (2) K-Kt5, B-R2; (3) K-R6, B-Kt1; (4) K-Kt7 etc.
C: (1) B-B5 ch,K-R4 (forced); (2) Kt-B6 ch,K-R5; (3) K-R2, P-Kt5; (4) P-Kt3 ch,K-Kt4; (5) Kt-Q4 ch!, K-R4 (best); (6) BxKP!, Q-K1; (7) B-Q8 ch,QxB; (8) Kt-B6 ch etc.

An easy lot and many flawless solutions. Prizes: M. G. Harman (Junior), M. B. James, W. T. Maccall, E. T. O. Slater, J. D. Taylor.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 411

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 411, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 5 July.



ACROSS

1. A small mound containing the reverse of mounds, it is used in the lab (8).
5. The conclusion sounds like Sibelius (6).
9. Drink for the unit in the shelter (8).
10. Lady about on gentlemen's place (6).
11. It is early, whether Eva is there or not (9).
13. Something hard broken in two in Wales (5).
14. 'And plant this thorn, this canker, ———' (*K. Henry IV, pt.* 1) (11).
17. It is deadly to confine one London district within another (11).
20. Weapon the General Staff may include for cursory inspections (5).
21. Not an easy line to follow even if you get the translation of the poet right (9).
23. Homer forms half the collection of literature (6).
24. Hand the job over to the Eastern member in time (8).
25. The breach is a man's in a religious association (6).
26. Means of protection for people in a tram smash (8).

DOWN

1. 'Here ——— bloom as they are told' (Brooke) (6).
2. Top medal in the heart of hearts perhaps (6).
3. Friendly place in Eaton Gate (5).
4. Torment of wicked people in possible debt (11).
6. One story about the lowland rising cannot be told (9).
7. Anthem among episodic ones (8).
8. Sporting types listen in to cup matches (8).
12. It helps one to get down a note on mixed gardening (11).
14. Feasts exist in counter openings (9).
15. Forms of speech formed from a hundred details (8).
16. The ruler is then muddled with cunning (8).
18. Comfort from sun and star (6).
19. Firmly fix me in the money (6).
22. Letter of thanks after an article (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 409

F	A	C	I	A	L	■	A	C	H	I	L	L	E	S
L	■	H	■	R	■	I	■	A	■	M	■	I	■	U
A	L	A	R	M	■	B	A	R	G	A	I	N	E	R
T	■	P	■	A	■	I	■	O	■	M	■	G	■	R
I	D	L	E	D	■	D	R	U	G	S	T	O	R	E
R	■	A	■	I	■	■	S	■	■	■	■	Y	■	■
O	R	I	F	L	A	M	M	E	■	S	E	R	E	■
N	■	N	■	L	■	I	■	R	W	E	■	F	■	■
■	O	S	L	O	■	S	U	S	P	E	N	D	E	R
A	■	■	■	T	■	■	■	E	■	H	■	I	■	■
D	E	V	A	S	T	A	T	E	■	T	R	A	C	T
O	■	E	■	O	■	K	■	R	■	M	■	N	■	T
R	E	S	U	L	T	I	N	G	■	E	N	D	U	E
E	■	T	■	O	■	N	■	O	■	A	■	E	■	R
D	R	A	I	N	A	G	E	■	E	T	U	D	E	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 409

R. Cooper (London, SW13)
A. Hutchinson (Leeds, 6)
Mrs Turner (Blockley)

PERSONAL

A HOME near Oxford wanted for two little children aged 2½ and 3½ where their mother can visit frequently. This family has had an unsettled and unhappy life and desperately want loving care so they can begin to build a new life. Roman Catholic home preferred but not essential. Apply Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford.

WANTED: Part-time companion some days and occasionally nights for elderly Jewish lady living in country one hour from London. Suit responsible student or widow. Highest refs reqd. Box 5510.

TEACHERS for backward children need capital to open Home Schl. Box 5549.

MOTHER & boy (5) & small capital wishes to meet someone similar to share purchase and/or rent, repairs, running of house, N. London. Box 5518.

AUSTRIAN girl student, 17 years, seeks 'au pair' 2 months, look after children or house work. Write: Inge Bromberger, Vienna 12, Vivenotgasse 35, Austria.

TO let 2-5 years, with/without devoted, educated staff. Ideal, beautifully furnished and equipped seaside convalescent/holiday residence for 12 young children. Box 5469.

WIFE, two daughters of Swedish trades union economist wish to live with London socialist family for three weeks June to September. Husband for one week. Possible exchange visit. Box 5593.

READER (m.) sks compan. (m.) walk/cycle. W. Cntry. Aug.-Sept. Box 5335.

SHOE-string, non-tourist hol. Aug. Portugal, Greek Islands, Spn artist (f.) sks companions (35-50) share exps. Box 5500.

ESSEX. Studio rm to let weekends or by the week, one/two persons. Box 5454.

TEMP./occasional help offered caring for aged / child / home / animal. Mobile, active, granny. Box 5441.

LECTURER (Engl.) desires London flat/flatlet, s.c., during July. F., c/o Klinkott, Fridwilhelms 13, Bremen.

OPPORTUNITY for young people wishing combine travel with remunerative work in Europe. Temporary & permanent vacancies. Box 4799.

CHILDREN'S summer holiday school. Every care. Trained staff. Write: Principal, 18 Callis Court Road, Broadstairs, Kent. Telephone Thanet 62783.

POOR man's Glyndebourne – baroque opera in unique riverside Elizabethan theatre. Handel's 'Hercules' at the Unicorn, Abingdon—See back page.

HOLIDAYS in woodland property (800 ft) Chilterns; English children (ages 6-16) welcomed to mix with small group children from France (same ages) from 26 July until middle August. Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue NW3.

MUST finish Thursday next at 1 o'clock. Sale of imported Russian records to make way for new titles just arrived. Finest Soviet artists at knock down prices. Oistrakh, Richter, Reizen etc. We are giving away every 3,683rd record at Collets Record Shop, 70 New Oxford St, WC1.

STILL on holiday but letters should get to me eventually if initially addressed to 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8.

PERSONAL—continued

FAMILY wd welc girl student share work & hol. Aug. N. Cornwall. Pocket money. Coghill, 138 The Grove, W5.

FMHSE accom. for 1 or 2 yng women/mar. cple for harvest help July-Aug. Dunn, Pencraig, Cwmbach, Whitland, Carms.

CHELSEA Readers – your branch of the Labour Party needs your help Now; contact Secretary, 9 Langton St, SW10. FLA. 1998.

MOSAIC Tables, Bathroom and Garden Decorations. Individual designs, directly from Artist's workshop. Box 5283.

HAPPY nursery life in comf. cottage for babies and small children while parents are on holiday. Marguerite Hirst, Well Yard, Beyton, Bury St Edmunds.

SPANISH private tuition by qual. native teacher. Soler, CUN 3225.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg in exch 4 hrs help (3) also paying sm contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

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YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

FOREIGN Languages on Records Visa-phone French or German, 9 LP records & 2 books, Russian (July) 7 LP records & 2 books £8 11s. post-free. Interpret Holiday Courses 3 LP records & 2 books £3 12s. post-free. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish or German 2 LP records & 3 booklets 37s. post-free. Free Trial – No Deposit. Details from: BBS Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley St, London, WC1. MUS. 7223.

HOLIDAY Help: Educated foreign girls want 'au pair' posts for 2-4 mths. ACB Ltd, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN 1586

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7 KNightsbridge 7323.

DO you wear spectacles? Tired and strained eyes can be treated by Dr W. H. Bates' method of relaxation at a London Clinic. LANgham 3626 for partics.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

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PERSONAL—continued

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THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversn & tuition

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SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

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SUMMER SCHOOL

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Prof. J. Rotblat.
Dr Mansel Davies.
Lt-Col. P. Lort Phillips, DSO.
Rev. D. R. Thomas.
Dr J. V. Dunworth, CBE.
Mr W. C. E. Gregory.
Prospectus from Secretary, Coleg Harlech, Harlech, Merioneth.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

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The English Country House & Garden
13-20 August
The English Cathedral and Abbey
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Planning the Modern House & Garden
20-27 August

Fully residential in new building. Individual bed-sitting rooms. Lectures, discussions and tours. Prospectuses avail. from The Institute of Advanced Architectural Studies, Micklegate, York.

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LEATHERHEAD Theatre, Surrey, and Studio Theatre, Kensington. 7-day courses in Dramatic Art, July and August. One Evening Course. Director: Marian Naylor. Syllabus: Miss O. Symonds, 111 Elmstead Avenue, Wembley Pk, Middlesex.

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VACANCIES for handicapped children unable to benefit from normal education at experienced Rudolf Steiner School & Home. Apply: Secretary, Garvald, Dolphinton, West Linton, Peeblesshire.

FARMHOUSE School, Wendover, Bucks, situated in beautiful Chiltern countryside. A boarding and day school with a practical approach to education where girls run their own farm and take grammar school subjects to GCE levels. Tel. Wendover 2297.

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BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 3560.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm. TT cows. All-round practical & cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Princs: Carl & Eleanor Urban.

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INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia Passage av. to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150 Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193

FLORENTINE villa. Students/young non-students 15 days 29 gns, all-in. Also Venice, Rome, Olympics, Naples. GUL. 4705. Box 5598.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

WHERE TO STAY

SUMMER Holidays. Now open: Barricane Private Hotel, Woolacombe, Devon, adjoining famous Barricane Beach, and three miles golden sands. Ideal for family holidays. Prop.: Mr & Mrs A W Garness. Phone Woolacombe 44.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch.: Mr & Mrs N Lusby VCA Mems Tel 508

COTSWOLDS. Tower Hse Hotel, Woodchester, Stroud Valley Georgian Hse own parkld, tennis court, lovely situation.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs & milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

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EASTBOURNE. 'Laverham', 16 The Avenue, Private Guest House. Central. Opposite gardens. B. & b. 7 gns. B & b. & evg meal 8½ gns. Tel. 4162.

LOW-WOOD Guest House, Bethersden, Ashford, Kent, is now under new management. Guests of all ages are welcome. Permanent or short periods. Reas. charges. Excellent services. Brochure on application, write to Mrs Smith as above. 'Phone Bethersden 222.

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WHERE TO STAY—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE following are the contents of June Plebs.- 'How the Railways Stand' by Arthur Woodburn MP. 'The Co-ops and Competition' by James Bruce, 'This Wicked World' by J. P. M. Millar, 'Tanganyika - Independence and Hard Work' by J. F. Horrabin, 'Pressure Group Politics' by Alan Thompson, MP, 'Accidents at Work' by W. L. Taylor, 'New Books' 'We Must Face Facts in Europe' by Roy Price, 'Marxism and Darwinism' by Anton Pannekoek, 'Trade Unionists Underpay' by A. J. M. Sykes, Pars from The Press, Plebs Forum, NCLC News. Plebs is 6d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d. a year.

A KEY to the Riddle of French Canada. Pierre Laporte, 'The True Face of Duplessis.' The first critical biography of French Canada's man of power. A Readers' Club of Canada July selection. Paper 11s., Cloth 25s. Published by Harvest House Ltd., Box 340, Postal Station Westmount, Montreal 6, P.Q. Enclose cheque or money order.

'WHICH?' for the bride; 'Which?' for the groom; 'Which?' for the perfect wedding present. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association, annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

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S/H. books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

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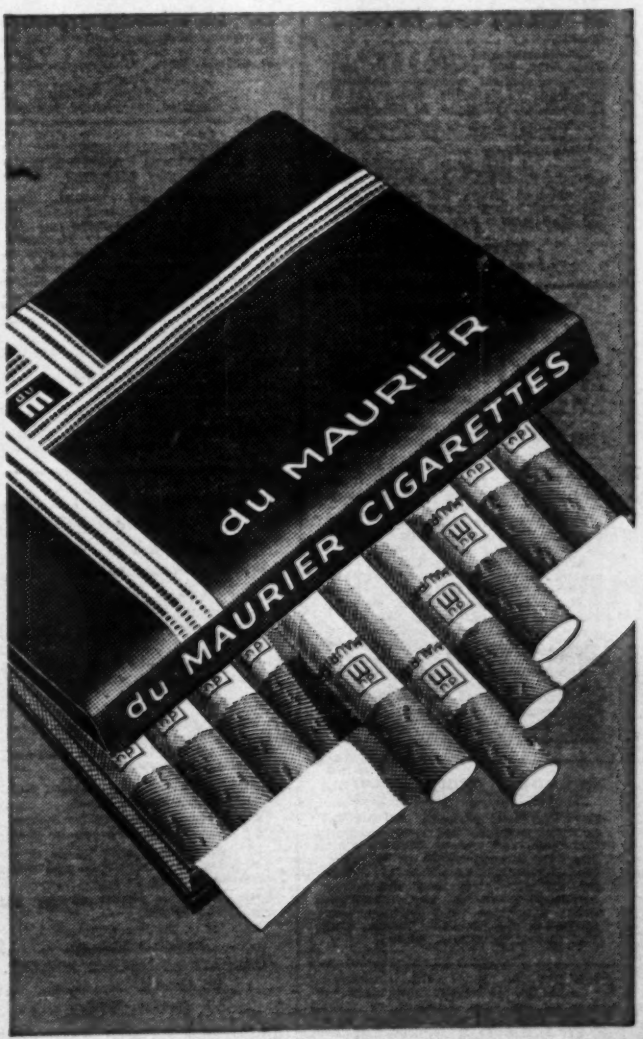

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The successful candidate will be expected to take up duty on 1 October 1960, or as soon thereafter as can be arranged.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications (six copies) together with the names of three referees, should be lodged not later than 2 July 1960.

CHARLES H. STEWART,
Secretary to the University.

HAMPSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist. The duties, consisting of advisory work in the schools and diagnostic work in the County's Child Guidance Clinic and Remand Homes, will be carried out within the framework of the Authority's School Psychological Service.

Candidates must hold a degree in Psychology, and preferably have had approved clinical training. Teaching experience is desirable. Salary: Man £1,070-£1,560. Woman £1,057-£1,560. Previous psychological experience will be taken into consideration in fixing starting point on scale.

Forms of application, with further particulars of the appointment, may be obtained from the undersigned (send s.a.e.) and should be returned not later than 8 July 1960.

R. M. MARSH,
County Education Officer,
The Castle, Winchester.

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE YOUTH SERVICE

Applications are invited from qualified men and women for post of full-time Club Leader at two Clubs:

(a) Surbiton, Surbiton Youth Club established open mixed club meeting in its own premises.
(b) Surbiton, Chessington Youth Club established open mixed club transferring shortly from school premises to new centre under construction.

Both clubs are intended to cater primarily for boys and girls of 14 to 20 years of age. Salary, for teachers and those with qualifications approved by the Committee, Burnham Scale i.e. men: £520 x £27 10s.—£1,000 per annum; women: £468 x £22—£800 p.a. plus equal pay increments, plus London Allowance. For other Leaders the normal maximum will be £905 (men), £732 (women).

Application forms and particulars obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to be returned within fourteen days of appearance of advertisement.

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER, full-time, required for work at Hill End clinic and also at Welwyn Garden City branch clinic or Hitchin. Own car or loan of clinic car. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience and naming two referees to the Medical Director, Hill End Clinic, St Albans, Herts.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NEWCASTLE GENERAL HOSPITAL

Applications are invited from men or women over twenty-two years of age for the post of TRAINEE PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER in the Department of Psychological Medicine. This is a joint Hospital and University Department and consists of a 54-bedded in-patient unit with associated out-patient and child psychiatry units. Candidates must have a qualification in Social Science and should preferably be graduates. The post is tenable for a year and offers a good opportunity for practical experience which would be of value to anyone wishing to proceed to further training. The successful candidate will be required to take up duties on 1 October 1960. Salary at age 23: £435 p.a., at 24: £455 p.a., at 25: £475 p.a., at 26: £495 p.a., at 27: £515 p.a.

Applications (three copies) including the names of two referees, should be submitted not later than 9 July 1960, to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 4, from whom further information may be obtained.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Parklands Reception Centre, Whitminster, Gloucestershire requires a Deputy Matron. She will be required to carry out all the normal duties in connection with caring for the children, to be in charge in the absence of the Matron and Warden, to attend Case Conferences and help plan the future of the children who pass through the Centre. This Centre has its own school.

Salary: £420 p.a. × £20(5) – £520 p.a. plus a special Responsibility Allowance of £50 p.a. plus £30 p.a. if in possession of the Certificate in the Residential Care of Children of the Central Training Council in Child Care, less £120 p.a. for board and lodging.

Post superannuated; medical examination before appointment. Applications and names of three referees should be forwarded to the Children's Officer, St John's Lane, Gloucester, within 14 days.

Guy H. Davis
Clerk of the County Council.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE COUNTY LIBRARY

Applications are invited from suitably qualified Librarians for the post of Second Assistant in the County Technical Library at Corby. This post provides an opportunity to gain useful experience and training in a new and expanding service. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with APT Grade I (£610-£765 per annum) of the National Joint Council's Scheme.

Housing accommodation may be made available if required.

Applics. together with the names of two referees should reach Chief Edution Officer 2 July 1960.

J. ALAN TURNER,
Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Northampton.

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Vacancies have occurred for Young Lady

MARKET RESEARCH INTERVIEWERS

of good background and general education who will be required to carry out house-to-house investigations in all parts of the country.

They should be prepared to live in London, where they will return each week-end. Freedom from mid-week domestic ties is essential.

Applicants must like outdoor work and be in the best of health.

No previous experience is necessary, as a thorough training will be given.

A commencing basic salary of £9 per week plus travelling and hotel expenses will be paid.

Write, giving details of age and education, to the:

Personnel Manager,
COLGATE-PALMOLIVE LIMITED,
145 Charing Cross Road,
London, WC2.

ASSISTANT Curator wanted: £850 p.a.; house provided. Knowledge decorative arts and museum exper. preferred. Apply in writing with full partics to the American Museum, Claverton Manor, Bath.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LINGFIELD HOSPITAL SCHOOL FOR EPILEPTIC CHILDREN, LINGFIELD, SURREY

CHILDREN'S HOMES. Women required as Nurse Attendants in Epileptic Children's Homes in rural Surrey, one hour's journey from London; buses from nearby towns. Definite interest in Child Welfare and Management required. Salary £232 per annum (£19 6s. 8d. per month) plus board residence, laundry and uniform. Apply: THE MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT, Lingfield Hospital School, Lingfield, Surrey. (Dept NS.)

Scilliad for Secs No. 1

ANXIOUS ANTHROPOID seeks Amiable Analysis-clerk. This remarkable post may not be quite your cup of tea: but we have others just as interesting, especially for good SECRETARIES and Shorthand-Typists, at salaries up to £15 p.w. – THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT, 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217.

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UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Applications are invited for the following positions in the Faculty of Economics:— (1) Senior Lectureship in Commercial and Industrial Law; (2) Lectureship in Accounting. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 – £95 – £3,000 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,730 – £105 – £2,435 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustments will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicants. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 5 August 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Chair of Fine Arts. Applications are invited for the Chair of Fine Arts, the successful applicant to take up his duties in February 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary attached to the Chair is at the rate of £2,800 per annum. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 July 1960.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Department of International Relations. Director of Studies. Applications are invited for appointment to the above post, for a period of five years in the first instance, as from 1 October 1960, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary attached to the appointment is a fixed one at the rate of £2,300 per annum. Provident Fund and Medical Aid facilities available. Prospective applicants are invited to obtain a copy of the Information Sheet relating to this vacancy from Sec., Assocn of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applns close, in South Africa and London on 31 July 1960.

LONDON County Council. Inspectors of Child Care. Applications invited for two positions of Inspector of Child Care in Children's Department. Inspectors (under the direction of the Chief Inspector) work as team whose function is a vital professional and advisory one covering all aspects of child care. The maintaining of high standards in the department's programme of case-work development both in the field and children's homes is their prime concern. Candidates should have appropriate academic qualifications and must have wide knowledge and varied experience of child care work in statutory or voluntary spheres. £1,295-£1,535 plus allowance of £125 throughout. Application forms from Children's Officer (E1/NS/1573/6), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 30 June.

SENIOR Clinical Psychologist reqd for four sessions per week in the Dept of Psychological Medicine at the Hospital for Sick Children, Gt Ormond St, WC1. Dept gives opportunity of work with many unusual kinds of children, inc. psychotic and brain-damaged. There are already a principal and two senr Psychologists. Apply in writing to Hse Governor by 30 June 1960.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of New England, NSW, Australia. Vacancies exist within the Faculty of Agricultural Economics for three newly established positions in the fields of Public Administration, Agricultural Economics (Marketing and Demand Analysis) and Farm Management. Applications from suitably qualified persons are invited for appointment as: (1) Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in Public Administration; (2) Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in Agricultural Marketing; (3) Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in Farm Management. Salary for a Lecturer will be within the range of £A1,500 × £90 – £A2,100 per annum with commencing salary determined in accordance with qualifications and experience. For a Senior Lecturer the range is £A2,200 × 80 – £A2,600. In addition a cost of living adjustment at present amounting to £A39 per annum is payable (University salaries are at present under review). Provision is also made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, travel grants for study leave and assistance in buying or building a house. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 12 August 1960.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales, Australia. Temporary Lecturer in German. Applications are invited for a Temporary Lectureship in the Department of German. Applicants should have German as their mother-tongue but must also have a reasonable command of the English language. They should also have as a minimum qualification the Staatsexamen or its equivalent. The lecturer appointed will be required to give lectures, tutorials, conversation classes, etc., in German, and will probably have the opportunity of conducting courses in literature ranging over the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. An interest in Middle High German language and literature will be an advantage although this is not essential. Appointment will be for two years initially with possible renewal for a third year. Travelling expenses will be paid both to and from Armidale. Commencing salary will be within range £A1,500-£A2,100 depending on qualifications and experience, and in addition a cost of living allowance at present amounting to £A39 per annum is payable. (NB £A1 = approximately DM.9, sfr.9, OS.56). Salaries are at present under review. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 29 July 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Lecturer in French. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in Department of Modern Languages. Salary range – £1,250 – £1,700. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 August 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Research Assistant in Social Administration. Salary scale: £800 to £950 per annum, with membership of Children's Allowance Scheme. The appointment of Assistant Lecturer carries membership of the FSSU; in certain cases so does the appointment of Research Assistant. Applications should be sent not later than 15 July 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation Service. Training is provided for men and women over 20. Candidates under 30 without University qualification in social studies normally attend University Course as part of training; shorter training, about a year, available for those over 30 with practical experience in social work. Allowances payable during training. Details and application forms from: Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board (A12), Home Office, Princeton House, 271/277 High Holborn, WC1.

POWICK Hospital, Near Worcester. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker (two vacancies) from candidates holding a University Degree or Social Science Diploma. Salary £515 p.a. at age 27, rising to £785. The staff of the Social Work Department consists of 2 Psychiatric Social Workers, 2 Social Workers and 2 trainees. The hospital has 1,000 patients and all forms of treatment are practised on an eclectic basis. There are 8 out-patient clinics, 2 out-patient Social Therapy Clubs and a residential hostel in Malvern for patients going out to work. One post is suitable for an experienced Social Worker wishing to undertake long-term work, and the other for a candidate wishing to gain experience in the mental health field. Candidates are invited to visit the hospital by arrangement with the Medical Superintendent, to whom applications should be addressed.

PART-time secretary for inventor, 3 afternoons per week. Intelligence and integrity preld to experience. WES. 1302.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should state their special fields of interest. Knowledge of Constitutional History and Law will be a recommendation. The salary scale is £1,340 × 60 – £1,760 per annum. Applicants should state age, qualifications, experience, publications and research interests and should give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application should be sent to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom a memorandum giving the information concerning the Department should be obtained) not later than 30 July 1960. A third copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, to reach him by the same date. The University reserves the right to recommend the appointment of a person other than one of the applicants or to recommend no appointment.

THE Institute of Psychiatry University of London Medical School. Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant. Candidates should have a good honours degree in Psychology. Postgraduate training in Psychology would be an advantage but not essential. The assistant will be required to help in the investigation of intelligence and memory functions in normal and psychiatric elderly subjects at Bethlem Royal Hospital, Beckenham, Kent. Salary £760 including London Allowance (subject to review). Eligible for FSSU. Application forms from the Secretary, the Institute of Psychiatry, The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, SE5. (Ref.: R.F.94).

RESIDENT Matron-Nurse required end August or by arrangement, preferably 23 to 40, interested in the care and welfare of delicate (including some emotionally disturbed) children, ages 6 to 10, at a Home-School specially planned for this purpose. Experience with children essential, with some nursing training or experience No housekeeping, no teaching. 9 staff share duties. Scope for imaginative individual work. Salary according to experience or SEAN £430-£550 or NNEB £458-£598. Good accommodation. Superannuable post. Open to any denomination. Applications, stating age, previous experience and enclosing testimonials to the Headmistress, Jewish Fresh Air Home & School, Delamere, Norley, Cheshire.

PART-time leaders for local groups of a National Youth Organisation situated in the Oxford area Headington. Mixed Youth Club: 15-21 years. 2 evenings per week plus occasional week-end activities. Witney: Mixed Junior Group; 11-15 years. 1 evening per week with some week-end activities. In both cases fully experienced leaders will be appointed and every assistance given in training for Diploma in Youth Leadership. Knowledge of the Co-operative Movement desirable. Full particulars and appln forms from:— Educ. Secretary, Oxford & District Co-operative Society Ltd., 65 George St, Oxford.

TWO Assistant House-Mothers required at Home near sea-front for thirteen children 2 to 10 years at Clacton, Essex. Resident Staff of four in all. Minimum salary £32 10s. a month less deduction for emoluments. National Conditions of Service. Apply Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

URGENTLY needed, Holiday Youth Club Leader for new experiment in running a daytime temporary Youth Club during the school summer holidays in Shoreditch. Full salary according to experience, etc. Apply LCC District Care Organiser, Hoxton House, Hoxton St, N1. Tel. SHO. 6107

MALADJUSTED children. Young man wanted in September to help with out-of-school supervision in small boarding school. Would suit man waiting place in social study or similar course. £300 per annum plus board and lodging. Apply with names of two referees to David Wills, Bodenham Manor School, Hereford.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 18 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £32 10s. per month rising to £40, less valuation of emoluments. Write Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220, London Rd, Chelmsford.

MATRON with nursing experience required September for Home for 28 elderly men and women. Apply stating age, experience and qualifications to Secretary, Hampstead Old People's Housing Trust, 7 Harley Road, London, NW3.

NURSES (SRN and SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Homes, London. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Every comfort provided. Box 5367.

ASSISTANT Matron, experienced in nursing/and or housekeeping, required for Jewish Old Age Home in London suburb. Excellent remuneration and accommodation. Box 5366.

USA. Friendly home offered to working housekeeper by Anglo-American family, 3 schoolgirls. English mother works professionally. Interview London July. Box 5466.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WOMEN'S Co-operative Guild requires Field Organiser, having thorough knowledge of Guild and free to travel about country organising new Branches. Appointment experimental for 2 yrs in first instance, subject to 3 mths probation. Salary, commensurate with duties, to be negotiated. Applications, giving age, qualifications and names of two referees, to reach 348 Gray's Inn Road, WC1, by 29 July.

CASSELL, Publishers, require experienced man for Design Department. Must have considerable knowledge of typography, commercial design and book production. Salary according to qualifications. Write stating qualifications: N. Flower, 35 Red Lion Square, WC1.

HERTFORDSHIRE. St Christopher School, Letchworth. (Co-educational, boarding & day, 400 pupils, ages 3-19). (Senior school 280 & full teaching staff of 40 men and women). Required for September: Master to take Woodwork with juniors (under 11) & to help with Games (cricket & football). A student with spare year before going up to University would be considered. Burnham scale. Government superannuation. Apply Headmaster.

RESIDENT Assistant wanted for supervision of small group French/English pupils at Co-educational Summer school 1 July to middle August, part town, part country. Town & Country School, 38 Eton Ave., NW3.

RESIDENT Secretary/Warden reqd for The Tower Theatre. His wife to cater evg/weekend meals. Charming flat in historic bldg. Lively, interesting job for right couple. Write full partics to FOMS, Canonbury Tower, Canonbury Place, N1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of organising Secretary, based in London but involving some travelling. The post requires enthusiasm, initiative, drive and sustained effort. Salary £700 × 25 – 900 p.a., plus travelling expenses. Applications with the names of two referees must reach The Chairman, Keep Britain Tidy Group, 39 Eccleston Street, SW1, not later than two weeks after the appearance of this advertisement.

ASSOCIATED Television Ltd require Statistical Clerk for Research Department. Successful applicant should be about 25 with degree in Economics or Social Sciences with at least two years business experience. Good salary; excellent prospects in expanding company. Write full personal details to Personnel Manager, ATV House, 17 Great Cumberland Place, London, W1.

SECRETARY, over 30, for Adolescent Unit, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, W1. Good shorthand/typing & educational background essential, some medical experience useful. 38 hour week, 3 weeks holiday, canteen, pension scheme. Starting salary £575, progressive. Own (small) room. Apply: Secretary, Adolescent Unit, 2 Beaumont Street, W1.

WOMAN Press Officer to assist in Public and Press Relations group in famous London Organisation. NUJ. Good journalistic and/or PR background necessary and experience in book publishing field would be valuable. Write giving details of experience, age, and salary required to Box 5579.

AN OPENING occurs for an experienced student or young teacher, prepared to help in general in a small vigorous co-ed. school community & be in charge of 'outward bound' activities. John Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity Hse, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

INTERNATIONAL Voluntary Service, the British branch of Service Civil International, urgently requires the assistance of a temporary, but industrious and adaptable, part-time Clerk/Typist. Ring EUSton 3195.

MEDICAL Secretary for Doctor, W1. £10. Doctor's receptionist 16-18, £7. Dental Secretary £12. Many other temporary and permanent vacancies for Medical secretaries. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria Street, EC4. CITy 7131.

PART-time secretary to work at home required by new Association of Recognised English Language Schools. Man or woman over 25. Lond. resident. Administrative experience, initiative, imagination essential. Experience in education and knowledge foreign countries useful. Apply in writing: Mr P. A. Fabian, London School of English, 20/21 Princes St, W1.

LARGE Pharmaceutical Company at present located Holborn, transferring Brixton in Autumn, requires urgently: two experienced secretaries (age 24-40) to start work, having had holidays, middle July. One appointment for Personnel Manager, other for Executive Director. Also Relief Telephonists, Invoice Clerks & Copy Typists required. Apply Personnel Manager, 146 Holborn, EC1. Tel. CHA. 9664.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CASHIER-Book-keeper, fully qualified woman, required immediately by Women's Co-operative Guild to take complete charge of accounts. Salary USDAW Men's Scale. 3 weeks paid holiday. Good hours and conditions. Apply stating age and qualifications to 348 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

EFFICIENT Secretary wanted for national newspaper, intelligent and able to work independently. Knowledge of German and/or French and advertising experience desirable. Write Box 5529.

ANTIQUE Dealers, Knightsbridge, require permanent confidential Secretary with good Shorthand-Typing speeds, possibly a foreign language, willing to assist on the Sales side of the business. No previous experience or knowledge of antiques necessary. The firm's specialist knowledge will be taught in the course of employment. This position was filled satisfactorily in September 1959, the present secretary having since married and shortly moving abroad. Please state age, qualifications and salary requirements. Box 5429.

SECRETARIAL Assistant, part-time, wanted in Dept of Pharmacology, 11-5. Mon.-Fri. Competent shorthand-typist, good with people and willing to be generally helpful. Applications to Assistant Secretary, University College London, Gower St, WC1.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist needed. Interesting work in small psychiatric unit. Salary £410 at age 21, rising to £600. London Allowance paid. Apply in writing to Asst Sec., Westminster Hospital, SW1.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant, lady 35/45, reqd for small progressive West End Staff Bureau; excellent prospects. Box 5587.

SECRETARY (female) for congenial office connected with the arts. Apply in writing stating age, experience, and salary required. Box 5584.

SECRETARY S/T., 25/30, educ. & alert, for intg post Film Co. £12/£13. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

CONSCIENTIOUS secretary/receptionist for small portrait studio West End, adaptable to individ. work, no shorthand, simple bookkeeping and filing. Box 5580.

PUBLISHING and Advertising secretarial posts: Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts, £650-£800 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1 MUS. 7379.

SECRETARY, exp. shorth./typist, good educ., over 25, reqd for Jewish Organ., int. work 5 day wk, salary acc. qualif., L.V.'s, holiday arrangements respected. EUS. 7542 or write Box 5419.

USA. From New York to California there are opportunities for Mothers' Helps, Maids, Cooks and Couples with American families. £50 p.m. Passage advanced. Bonus scheme. Apply Transcontinental, 18 High Street, Beckenham, Kent. Tel.: Beckenham 3666.

HERTS. (London 23m.) s/c 1st fl. flat, country hse, 2 rms, k. & b., own entrance, furn. or part, cent. ht., gar., suit 1/2 only, exchange some help. Box 5418.

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WORK in or connected with underdeveloped territory desired by Austrian grad. (Durham and Vienna Univs) engaged on economic research. Box 5564.

EX-TV actor, 32, varied background, wants interesting position. Box 5534.

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KING'S College Hall, Champion Hill, SE5 still has accommodation for groups visiting London; 23 July to 20 August. Single bedrooms, gardens, quiet district. Enqs to Vacation Lettings Secy.

LONDON, N10. 3 bed-sit. rms, share kit., also dble bedrm & sitting rm with ckg facs. 2-3 gns per person. Prof. women welc. irrespective nationality. Box 5582.

HAMPSTEAD. Beautiful lge single b/s. rm, 4 gns. p.w. inc. serv. PRI. 0488.

FURN. flat, 2 rms, kit., use bath, tel. Suit 2-3 people. £7. TUDor 0516.

LIGHT, self-contained basement flat. Contemp. dec. & furn. Sitting-room, bedroom off, kit., bthrm, c.h.w., own tel., top Campden Hill. 7 gns. PARk 9161.

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HAMPSTEAD nr Heath (Redington Rd), small s/c. flat for prof. man or woman; grd flr, quiet hse, sep. entrance, sit.-rm, lobby, kit., bathrm. Furn. in pleas. mod. style with gd bookshelves, fully eqpd, own 'phone. Refs. 6 gns. excl. Box 5592.

WC1. Large charming b/sit. in artist's flat. Use k. & b. Suit professional person. £3 10s. Box 5501.

DBLE b/s. Share kit., bath. 23 July-31 Aug. Civilised ménage W10. LAD. 0886.

HAMPSTEAD flat to let 25 July to 3 Sept. 7 gns weekly. Box 5539.

NW8. Small bed-sit. with ckg facs. Reas. rent. Someone away wkends. Box 5514.

HAMPSTEAD, garden flat, 3 large rms, k. b. Available 6 wks from 21 July. 6 gns p.w. inclusive. Swann, PRI. 7917.

RATIONALIST has two pleasant single bed-sitters. Nr Putney Bridge Stn. 42s. and 50s. p.w. RENown 3552.

WELL arranged spacious flat, share with yng prof. woman. Own pleas. rm overlkg Greenwich Pk. 55s. 6d. Box 5591.

FURN. house to let for 1 yr end Aug. Bushey nr Watford. £7 wk. 6 mths rent advance. BUS. 1909.

BRIXHAM. Torbay. Tents, beds, chalet, kit., gas. Journey, Rolls brake. Incl. 2 wks £6. Fortnly from 10 July. Box 5567.

CORNWALL (nr Tintagel); furn. Caravans on secluded licensed site; panoramic views, shops & proprietor on site (No dogs). S.a.e. for brochure: L. Beckford, Planet Caravan Park (NS), Delabole

HOUSE in Central Scotland to let from 15 August to 7 September. Scientist and wife visiting United States would welcome reasonable tenants; four bedrooms, three sitting rooms, constant hot water, half acre garden with fruit if you pick it; ten pigeons. In Forth Valley within one hour's drive of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth and St Andrews. Write to Pyke, Cambus, Clackmannanshire.

DRYMEN, Nr Loch Lomond, lux. 18ft. caravan. Priv. site by river. Box 5098.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

AMERICAN University couple with two young children want London flat in reach of LSE, Sept.-Mar. KINgston 6560.

DESPERATELY needed for a young married couple with 6-month baby, reas. accom. London area. Refs. Box 5561.

YNG wom. reqs sgle rm grea Gt Titchfield/Oxford/Baker Sts/Marylebone Rd. July-Sept. Away most wkends. Box 5266.

WTD by Aug., s/c unfurn flat, 3 rms, k. & b., Primrose Hill, Highgate, Highbury, by 2 retired civil servants. Box 5268.

ACTOR'S family in pleasant Regents Park maisonette reqs 4 bed-rmd house, limit £4,500. Reasonable car range Temple Fortune school. Dignam, 23 St Edmunds Terrace, NW8. PRI. 9067.

UNIV. lect., wife, 2 smll chldn on leave Africa req. reasonable hse/flat Jul/Sep. pref. easy reach London. Box 5463.

ARCHITECT needs 3 or 4 room office at once. Highest references. Tel. HAMpstead 2090.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SUFFOLK/Norfolk border, Botesdale near Diss. Large house at present divided into two self-contained houses. Ideal for painter or writer. Poor decorative repair hence low price of £2,250. Ph. Great Bardfield 231 or write Box 5423.

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29 June at 7.30 Cavalleria Rusticana Pagliacci
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THE FINSBURY STORY
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'Historical Play with Music

'HERCULES' musical drama by G. F. Handel. Unicorn Theatre, Abingdon, 30 June 1, 2, 5, 6 July at 8. Directed by Frances and Alan Kitching (supported by Arts Council). Tkts. 7s. 6d. 5s. to members (temp. mem. 2s. 6d.). Murray's, Abingdon.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8. Thurs., Sat. 5 & 8. 'A Trip to the Castle'. Mems.

IRVING, Leicester Square, WHI. 8657. Glamour and Girls. 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30. Sun. 4. 10th wk 14th Ed. Mems.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 8.0. Th. 2.30. S. 5, 8.15. 'Chicken Soup with Barley'.

TOWER. 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 9 July, 7.30, Sun. 7.0. 'Measure for Measure'. CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. 'The Seagull', Chekhov Centenary production. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

FACADE (Walton): New Music Ensemble, Alvar Lidell, John Carewe. Jordans Music Club, Mayflower Barn, 2 July, 8. Tickets 10s. H. Nicholson, Tramore, Jordans, Beaconsfield.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Ballet in Tchaikovsky's 'Swan Lake' (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Films by contemporary American writers: Until 26 June: Julie Harris in Carson McCullers' 'The Member of the Wedding' (A). From 27 June: Anna Magnani in Tennessee Williams' 'The Rose Tattoo' (A).

LUDLOW Summer Festival 6-17 July. 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' floodlit in the Castle 6-16 July; Recital by Marius Goring; Orchestra Da Camera – soloist Colin Horsley: Handel, Bach, Mozart, Elgar. Box Office – Castle Square, Ludlow. Telephone 703.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Don Simmons Group, today Saturday 25 June, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., guests 5s. (This will be the last At Home until the autumn). Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

MIDSUMMER Merriment with Central London Fabians. Sat. 25 June. Dancing 7.30-11 p.m. 'Orange Tree', 234 Euston Rd, NW1. 5s.

MISS West Indian Students Union Dance, Fulham Town Hall, 7.30-11.30 Saturday 25 June. Members 5s., non-members 6s. Jazz and Steel Bands.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MASTERS OF MODERN ART – Important Sale Exhibition of works by BONNARD, BRAQUE, DUFY, KANDINSKY, KLEE, LEGER, MODIGLIANI, MONET, PICASSO, SUTHERLAND, UTRILLO, VAN GOGH etc., etc. New Sculpture by HENRY MOORE. Illus. catalogue £1. Adm. free. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

GANYMED'S Claude, Classical Landscape of pastoral tranquillity, now printed, £3 6s. (plus 7s. 10d. tax) from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Essays in Movement. Reliefs by Mary Martin, Mobiles by Kenneth Martin. Until 2 July. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibitions: 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall' Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sunday 2-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

'PARIS in the Twenties' – Souvenirs of British, French and American writers from Sylvia Beach's Left Bank Bookshop. At the USIS Gallery, 41 Grosvenor Sq, London, W1. Until 24 July. Monday-Friday. 9-6. Admission free.

THE Arts of the Sung Dynasty. Exhibition organised by Arts Council and Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 23 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

EPSTEIN: 50 years of bronzes and drawings at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Admission 1s. 6d. in aid of Epstein Studio Trust.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Sidney Nolan – Leda and The Swan, and other recent work. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 16 July. 142 New Bond St, London, W1.

BATH Academy of Art, Corsham, Wiltshire. Summer Exhibition, 8, 9, 10, 11 July, 3 to 7 p.m. daily.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Ceri Richards: a retrospective exhibition of paintings, drawings and relief constructions 1930-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Summer Exhibition 1960. De Stael: Soulages: Ernst: Manessier: Sutherland: Richards: Nicholson: Reynolds: Wilson: etc. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes 1 Sept.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Campbell: constructions, Fawcett & Brunschwig: paintings. 29 June-19 July, 10-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Reg Butler – Sculpture & Drawings. Until 8 July. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5 Free

MOLTON Gallery, Friedlaender – Etchings. 23 June-9 July. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. 3 Humanist Sculptors – Ralph Brown, Jack Greaves, Betty Rea.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Porcelain & Stoneware by Lucie Rie. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6 Horace Brodzky, Raymond Hitchcock. Until 2 July. Daily incl. Sat. 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings Ivon Hitchens. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery. Wapping to Windsor, 27 new offsets by staff & students of the RCA. Weekdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1 PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House) New and old paintings from China, reproductions, &c. Mon., Tu., Thurs., Fri. 10-7. Sat. 10-5.

KAPLAN Gallery: Marcelle Cahn – Ptgs. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ALGERIA! THE WAR CONTINUES!
600,000 ALGERIANS KILLED!
Public meeting at Central Hall, Westminster,
on Friday, 24 June at 7.30 p.m.
Speakers: A. Wedgwood Benn, MP, Chairman; John Baird, MP, Claude Bourdet, Sheila Bagnall, Neville Barber, John Horner. Tickets: 2s. at door. Organised by the Movement for Colonial Freedom and the British Committee on Algeria.

'THAT A MARRIAGE SHOULD BE DISSOLVED IF THE COURT FINDS IT AS A FACT THAT THE MARRIAGE HAS BROKEN DOWN . . .'
Public Debate 6.30 p.m. Lamont Room, National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, W1. Fri. 24 June. Admission Free. Divorce Law Reform Union, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

LONDON NLR CLUB
Monday 27 June 1960. C. P. Snow meeting cancelled.
END OF SERIES PARTY
11 July, 8 p.m.
Marquee (nr Academy Cinema)
2s. 6d. members, 3s. 6d. non-members

SOUTH Africa Freedom Day 26 June. Demonstration & Rally – Trafalgar Square – 3 p.m. Anti-Apartheid Movement and Committee of African Organisations. Details: 200 Gower Street, NW1. NB. Meeting at Central Hall 27 June has had to be postponed owing to enforced change of plans by S. African leaders.

'PICASSO: Imagination and Eclecticism' (illus.) by Prof. Anthony Blunt, Thurs. 30 June at 6.15 at the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine, Keppel St (Gower St), WC1. Members 3s., guests 5s. Tickets must be bought in advance from the ICA Gallery, 17-18 Dover St, W1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Jim McKie: 'Does the Labour Party stand for Socialism?' Wed. 29 June, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

INSTITUTE of Jewish Studies. Lecture by Professor A. D. Momigliano, MA, D.Litt, FBA, on Wednesday, 29 June 1960, at 5.15 p.m. in the Mocatta Library, University College London, Gower Street, WC1. Persian Historiography, Jewish Historiography, Greek Historiography.

BLACKHEATH NL Club: Francis Aprahamian on 'Economics of Peace'. Crown P.H., B'heath Village, 8 p.m., Fri. 1 July.

BEN Uri Literary Circle. A programme of Modern Poetry, arranged and read by Anthony Jacobs. Friends' Hse, Euston Rd, NW1. Mon. 27 June. 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

'IN my humble opinion . . .' – an evening of Criticism. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1. Wed. 29 June, 8 p.m.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. 26 June. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings Cross. Antony Bates: 'Imagination and William Blake'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 26 June, 6.30, Music and Readings. 7 p.m. 'Huxley versus Wilberforce, 1860': H. J. Blackham.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q. 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL 3351.

'CURE of Suffering'. Public lecture, 26 June, 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CHRISTIAN Action Conference at Newnham College, Cambridge, Fri. 8 July to Sun. 10 July. Spkrs include Bishop of Johannesburg, Canon L. John Collins, Rt Hon. W. Glenvil Hall, MP, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, MP, Monica Wingate. Incl. cost 75s. 6d. Further partics from Sec., Christian Action, 2 Amen Court EC4

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 24 June, 8 p.m. Dr E. Lampert: 'A Russian D. H. Lawrence'.

'MAPAM Open Forum': Thursday, 30 June, 8 p.m. at 37 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6 (next to Finchley Rd tube stn). Subject: 'Around the Eichmann Trial', introduced by Mr S. Silverman, MP and Mr P. Merhav. All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq, SW1. Public lecture Wed. 29 June, 6.30. Mr T. P. Leggett: 'Zen Training in the Knightly Arts of Japan'. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Infor.: TAT. 1313.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 26 June. John Lewis, Ph.D, 'The Soul of Man Under Socialism' Write for free 'Monthly Record'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FAMILY Courses in August: Residential. Parents in Manor. Children 7-13 in camp organized alongside. 30 July/3 Aug: 'Psychology and Your Life'; 6/12 Aug: 'Homes and Houses'. Cost per week: 7 gns (adults); 5 gns (children). Write The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr Devizes, Wilts.

PAINTING as a Pastime. Mary Law, exhibitor at the RA and Paris Salon. Small classes. Phone WIL. 6025

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), & certain Diplomas. Low fees. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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SHORTHAND/Typing Tuition by examiner. Classes 4s. hourly. Miss Robinson, WIL. 0588.

TUITION by Post for GCE Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

RUSSIAN Conversation Classes held at Morley College in July, Wednesdays and Fridays 6-9 p.m. Enquiries, tel. PARk 5582, 9-11 a.m.

GCE Courses in English Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Also English for Foreigners. Part- or full-time Day/Evg. Reduced fees for long crses. St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1 GER 1460.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

FOR Yoga classes and correspondence course, please write to the Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3.

GREGG and Pitman intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King, Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd on p.959

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